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AD-EM-NEL-LA

AND OTHER POEMS



ETHAN ALLEN HURST

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GIFT OF

THE AUTHOR

2



Chief Wash-Hun-Gah.

AD-EM-NEL-LA

AN INDIAN LEGENDARY
LOVE-STORY IN VERSE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
ETHAN ALLEN HURST.



1915

AL 1794. 5. 15

The Author.

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DEDICATION.

To those Lovers around the globe, and only those, who have risen high enough in the scale of life to love with that pure and holy love, unmixed and uncontaminated with and free from all libidinous thought and selfish feeling, and are therefore *True Lovers*, this little book is respectfully inscribed.

THE AUTHOR.

CREDENDA.

"Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come, for ever and ever."—*Isaiah xxx. 8.*

"For a woman will flirt with a man and lead him on, and on, and he will go on, till, at last, there is no hope for him."—*Socrates.*

Orion is the author's guiding constellation; his motto, "*I never let up.*" *Selah.*

"I love him who worketh and inventeth to build a house for the Superman."—*Nietzsche.*

"The poetry of any epoch should be the best expression of the best thought of the best thinkers of that epoch."—*Allenhurst.*

PREFACE.

It is said that the vitality of a nation is measured by the music of its poets, and that when the poetry of a nation becomes new and fertile, or waning and decadent, that age in that nation becomes a generation of hope, or a generation of despair. That when the people of a nation seek rhythm and cadence in literature, through its poets and musicians, that nation tends toward a wider life, takes a yearning for an inconceivable future, and becomes vigorous and prolific of great events.

Individuals are like nations, because a nation is naught but a multiplicity of individuals; and nations get their moral stamina and religious strength, or their vacillating weakness and pusillanimity, from the very *breasts* of the common citizenry.

When the citizen goes singing to his work (whether to office, shop or field), with his soul attuned to the melodies of solicitous Nature's gamut (as voiced in the twittering song of the feathered harbinger of peace, the gentle laughing water, the perfumed flowers and odoriferous ozone breezes), and his breast heaving with the breath of the rhythmic meter of the Universe, that man will be true to his employer, his servant, his family, his beast, his country, and himself.

The contempt of the public taste for the art of versification has been deeply shaken, and there is a revival of poetry which is very noticeable now in Europe, and more or less all over the world, among the higher classes. France, especially, has a new generation of poets who are setting the pace for the world; likewise Italy. The leading poetry journals of the advanced

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literary centers of the United States (Boston, New York, etc.) are dominated with such writers as Marinetti, Duhamel, Pryds, and such unpronounceable foreign names; and the best talent of our own country is being brought forward to compete with them in their *denouement* of the higher and deeper feelings that play in the bosom of mankind under the new forms of life that we are living in these fast days.

Poetry *must* live and will live, because it is necessary as an interpretation and sustenance of the finer inner qualities and the character of the people who are building the nations and solving the problems that lie out before us. Not only do the finer qualities of a nation and its perpetuity rest on the inherent religious and poetic feelings of its people, but its very *language* looks to that source for its development and perpetuation.

It has been remarked facetiously, but is a fact nevertheless, that, Poetry being the mother of Language, the child approaches the difficult task of acquiring its mother tongue through poetic channels—by repeating a well-known, universal poem; and that without this medium, the prattle of the infant, struggling with its first words, would be as the growl of a wolf or the scream of a hyena. But how different when the infant sings its first lullaby song, so inspiring to the heart, and such sweet music to the ear of the fond parent—that first minstrel lay in that universal baby-language: “Da-da,” “Da-da,” “Da-dy”!

Poetry has been unpopular among the general reading public; and the reason for this lies in the fact that the ordinary reader has never taken time to familiarize himself with the rules that govern the writing and reading of verse composition. A great many persons who attempt to write poetry observe no rules, and seek for no expression except a jingle of words which sound somewhat alike, and these words are

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placed at the end of short or long sentences or phrases, without any thought or, perhaps, knowledge whatever of the pause, accent, cadence, or rhythm; and when the reader undertakes to get something out of it, he finds the conglomerate mass has no beauty, if indeed any sense for him, and gives it up as a hopeless and needless undertaking; and, in doing so, deepens his already acquired or existing antipathy for all poetry in general.

Nevertheless, Poetry is a sister of Music, and they go hand in hand. If you should select one of the most beautiful songs written by the dearly beloved blind Fanny Crosby (now lately deceased), and sung by the immortal Sankey, and undertake to sing it and get music out of it, without ever having heard the song, and without any knowledge of musical notation or of the rules governing the writing and setting of music, or the characters we call "notes," you would be driven to give up the undertaking in utter disgust. What would we think on hearing the good old "Songs of Zion" mumbled over, if we had never heard anyone sing them who could read music, or sing it? Or what would they be if they had been written without any kind of meter?

For the benefit of those persons who do not enjoy reading poetry, and who may say therefore that they do not like poetry, the author begs indulgence to give a few hints here; for he is sure that there is no normal human being on the face of the globe who does not, down deep in his inmost soul, have an inherent love for that rhythm and beauty to be found in true poetry and music when it is properly written and rendered.

The two main requisites of poetry are known as "accent" and "pause," both of which are almost unknown or unobserved by the ordinary reader; and these, of themselves, possess so much musical power that with them alone the drummer-boy may inspire

PREFACE.

the army with so much feeling of patriotism and bravery that it will march with alacrity and cheerfulness into the battle's mouth, where almost certain death awaits its soldiers. The sharp notes of the fife, the rattle and roar of the battle, its musketry and cannon, the neighs of the maddened horses and the shrieks of the dying men are caught, modified, and woven into a cadence of rhythmic music by the measured "fudr-r-r-r-rup! fudr-r-r-r-rup! fudr-r-r-r-rup, rup, rup!" of the drum; and the same note, repeated at proper intervals, and with the proper stress or accent, is the vital secret of it all.

As so much, therefore, depends on the observance of these features, the author begs the indulgence of the reader, and his pardon for any seeming pedanticism, to give a brief outline of the rules governing the poetry contained in this volume, which may be mastered in passing without any study whatever; and the observance of which will so greatly add to the reader's appreciation of the effort which the writer has made to please, entertain, and delight him in the following pages.

The story of AD-EM-NEL-LA is written in a style of poetry called "Heroic Measure," or Iambic Pentameter, which grammarians in their prosodies classify under this formula: (u a x 5), which means that each line is made up of five feet of two syllables each, the first syllable of each foot unaccented and the second accented; or, in other words, it is an unaccented and an accented syllable multiplied by five, or repeated five times in each line.

These lines, therefore, should be read as if they were written in this form:



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The reader should imagine himself holding a drumstick in his hand, while reading, with which he strikes a bass-drum a sharp blow every time he pronounces an accented syllable; then he will be reading the verse somewhat like this:

Be-fore | a thought | of worlds | had e'er | ob-tained,
u a | u a | u a | u a | u a

Or earth | or fir- | ma-ment | was made | or named.
u a | u a | u a | u a | u a

This rule will govern the reader throughout the entire story, as well as any poetry of this measure wherever found, if correctly written.

In writing this kind of poetry (or any other kind), it is a mistake to use a word *anywhere*, in *any line*, whose accent, in its proper and natural pronunciation, does not correspond with this rule. And when such words are so written, it forces the reader to give an unnatural accent to the word, or, if he pronounce it correctly, it mars the beauty of the rhythm and spoils the poetry. It becomes like the music of the battle would become were the drummer to suddenly and unexpectedly begin striking the drum at random. The whole company would be thrown into instant confusion and made, instead of a united and determined phalanx moving on to sure victory, a disorganized multiplicity of straggling individual soldiers in broken ranks and, in all probability, fleeing from the battlefield before an easily victorious enemy.

It might be well to say the "pause" should occur at the end of each line, notwithstanding the grammatical construction of the sentence; and there should be a short, light pause near the middle of each line, in very-long-line poetry. This (cæsural) pause will suggest itself without giving any rule here.

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These observations will apply to all the poems in the book (with a few exceptions); that is, the poems are nearly all written in this meter, but with different multipliers.

It will be noticed that the first part of the love-story is written in *couplets*, or stanzas of two lines, each riming with the other; and the remainder of the story in *quatrains*, or four lines, with each two alternates riming.

Of the few poems written in different meters we might mention: "They're After Us," which is mixed verse having the Iambic (u a) combined with the Anapest, which is (u u a); so that this poem appears thus: .

The sis-|ters whom you|and I woo,|Fame and Fort-|une,
u a | u u a | u u a | u u a | u

Are flirt-|ing with us |ev-ery day | of our lives.
u a | u u a | u u a | u u a

The poem "Andromeda's Sacrifice" is made up of the Trochee (a u), the Pyrrhic (u u), and the Dactyl (a u u); thus:

u u | a u | a u u | u u | a u | a u
In the|long long|years a-go,|where the|tall pal-met-toes
grow,
u

Grew a | maid-en | fair-er | than the | po-et's dream.
a u | a u | a u | a u | a u u

The "Old Plantation" is written in the same varieties of meter as the above, but differently combined:

There's a pa-|thos in | the sol-|emn con-|tem-pla-|tion
u u a | u u | u a | u u | u a | u
Of the old | times and | old friends | we used | to know.
u u a | u u | u a | u u | u u

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In the short poems the author has sought to make as much variety as practicable in a small number of examples; as well the number of lines in a stanza, as the feet in a line, and the number of riming lines in each stanza. And though there are but few poems, they cover a fairly wide scope in variety of versification. It will be noticed that they extend from two to ten lines, that some are made to rime in three or four lines, and some to carry *two sets* of rimes in each stanza.

For example: the *decastich* "Mortality" consists of ten lines each stanza, each of 10, 4, 10, 10, 8, 8, 4, 8, 8, 6 syllables; and these are tied in two *couplets*: 1, 4 and 6, 9; and three *triads*: 2, 3, 5 and 7, 8, 10.

Some of those carrying double rime are: "Don't Cher Know," "The Spirit of Youth," etc.

To read verse rhythmically one must observe the *measure, time, stress, pause, and rime*; but all these are nothing more than helps to aid the reader in the full understanding and appreciation of the *sense* of the subject matter of the poem, and to enable him to convey that *sense*, easily and pleasantly, to the hearer

All of these poems have been written by the author within the last two years, and are entirely original. None have been published (until the time of going to press in the publication of this book), except a few of the shorter ones, which were published in the local papers by especial permission of the author, and over his *nom de plume*: Allenhurst.

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In presenting this little book to the public the author recognizes the trend of this commercial age toward that hurry and bustle that would require everything of a literary nature to be terse and concrete. He has therefore abstained from circumlocutory and periphrastic statements, the use of ornamental adjectives and the painted rime, and has told the story with the fewest words that could be made to convey a clear idea of the tale he meant to portray.

He has likewise abstained from the use of slang words, catchy phrases, and hackneyed sayings, for the reason that they are short-lived, and their meanings will be unknown to the general reader of the next generation.

Those persons who feel themselves entitled to distinction on account of their wealth or learning, and who pride themselves on being able to find almost constant use for such phrases, for instance, as: "It is so different," or "It is so strenuous," may feel that the absence of such expressions in this composition very much impairs the strength and tone that it would otherwise have; but the author can remember when many a locution of that kind was the *sine qua non* of polite society (or that part of society that thought itself *polite*) in certain localities, and that only a few years ago, which is now *entirely obsolete* and forgotten.

It was only a few years ago that this class of *apt-expressionists* was using, with great vigor and pride, in some parts of our country, the very popular and rhetorical provincialism, "Shoo, fly! don't bother me"; and when it meant *everything* "*so different, and so strenuous*"!

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The author, in coming before the great but indifferent and sometimes cold *public*, in this, his infant literary effusion, recognizes the fact that the writers of the past whose works have survived to the present day wrote in advance of their day and generation, and their works were not recognized and received by their contemporaries; he flatters himself, therefore, that if the poetry he is writing to-day should not cater to the taste of the present-day reader, it may meet the approval of the reading public, and gratify the critique of the connoisseur who lives in the next generation, or the next century. And if his work is not received by this generation, he will console himself in the belief that literary taste is not sufficiently developed at the present day—that he is writing in advance of his age, and that his writing will “come to its own” when the race shall have been advanced to the grade of susceptibility where it can receive and enjoy the beauty of his work. And, if he is mistaken in his premises, he flatters himself with the further consolation that he will not live to know he was mistaken. Nor will his detractors. (An Englishman might be asked to smile here.)

And now, once more begging the indulgence of the gentle reader, and his pardon for mistakes and shortcomings, and hoping that he may be entertained and

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profited by a close and prayerful perusal of the little book, the author comes to the last and best part of his preface:

He acknowledges his obligations to his wife (Mrs. Ollie Carr Hurst) for valuable help, and for the indulgence of him and his foibles while preparing the manuscript for the work; and he desires to substitute for the hackneyed sentence, "Oh that mine enemy might write a book!" this better one: *Oh, what a good wife must the husband have who writes a book! for she it is who bears the burden and the worry of it all.*

THE AUTHOR.

Hereford, Texas, May, 1915.

E. A. HURST.

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End of Short Poems.

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.

Legenda.

It is said that when the Oklahoma country was thrown open to settlement by the white man, the author was a young lawyer living and practicing his profession in or near the border of that part of the country owned by the *Kaw* Indian tribe. That the young lawyer was retained, at the time, as attorney for that Nation, by *Wash-hun-gah*, its Chief, in all the litigation and negotiations relative to the ceding of the rich Indian lands to the United States Government, the provisions for retention of tribal rights, and all the matters pertaining to the settlement of the many perplexing questions growing out of the great change then taking place.

The young attorney was a polished young man of good address, who came from one of the wealthy and influential families of an Eastern State, where he had received a polished education and drunk deeply from the fountains of legal lore. He had made a study of the Choctaw language, which was the written language of the old Chief. He was a persistent and earnest student of languages and peoples, of anthropology and ethnology; had given much time to the study of the great and all-absorbing "Indian Problem," and felt the inevitable certainty of the speedy end of all tribal rights, the eventual governmental citizenship of all Indian tribes, and their final merger into the great white dominant Anglo-Saxon race. He was in accord with the political party then in power, and stood high in the party councils, and with the Administration at Washington. In fact, he was in every way equipped to represent the interests of the great and rich tribe at whose head had stood the old Chief *Wash-hun-gah*, as the oracle and sole ruler, for almost three-quarters of a century.

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

The old Chief was full of years, ripe with experience, and his mind enriched with a great fund of knowledge, gained from a long life of persistent study and careful thought. He recognized in the young man the very qualities that he needed and was willing to rely upon in the closing out of his long and honorable reign and chiefship; and he accordingly cultivated the young man's friendship and companionship, and they were much together, becoming almost like father and son in their close double-relationship—that of attorney and client as well as of oracle and student; for, while the young man was assisting the old one in unraveling the modern questions that had recently grown up, and helping to apply the law to the various hypotheses and pressing demands, he was sitting "at the feet of Gamaliel"—at the elbow of the old man, and drinking rich drafts from the cup of his long experience and study.

Wash-hun-gah could read, in the signs of the times, that in all probability his tribe would never elect a successor, and that he would be the *last Kaw Chief*—that the priestly robes of his sacred office, which had been handed down through the centuries since the beginning of time (through a direct line from *Kanzaz*, the great first Chief, who was appointed by *CHITOKAKA*, the Great First Spirit), would become *functus officio*, and the chiefship would end with his death.

His prophetic eye foresaw the coming condition of his tribe, like all the tribes in the great rich Indian country. The allotment of their lands that had been held in common as Elysian fields for fishing, hunting, grazing and fattening grounds, where their thousands

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

of cattle and horses grazed peacefully throughout the entire year, without feed or attention, and grew and fattened; their great rolling flat-woods of tall hickory and pecan trees, teeming with the fleet-footed antelope, the velvet-horned deer, the nimble squirrel, the fleet-winged prairie chicken, the "tribal bob-white," the wild honey-bee with her rich, honey-laden trees of *tribal, community* honey, free to all for the taking; with its streams of limpid waters, where the bass, perch, and "red-hoss" delighted to disport and scamper with the angler's hook; soon to be cut up into farms, and people by an antagonistic race, whose worst element had been always an avowed enemy of the Indian, and a grafter for his rich heritage and possessions. He saw Government school-houses going up, and the Government ingathering of the children of his people—taken from their native tepee-homes, and from the care of fond parents, and carried away, by armed force in many instances, to be "stuffed with the white man's ideas," and to learn the language and habits and wear the garb of a conquering and dominating race, against which that underlying, deadly hate, though smouldering and covered, was as deep and abiding as in the *scalping* days of the fathers—that race whose encroachments had begun at the landing of the "Pilgrims" on the Atlantic coast, and followed westward until now it was stripping them of the last vestige of their lands and taking their rights of property, their rights of tribalship, their rights of free and self-government, their rights to the custody and education of their children, their rights to their very language itself (for a law had just been promulgated prohibiting the teaching of his beautiful guttural language within his own hallowed territory).

The old Chief had lived to see the day come when the white man, not content with taking all these, had adopted a policy of "feeding the Indian from paper

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

sacks." A corrupt Indian Agent had been appointed, who inaugurated a system, in his "great solicitude for the Indian's protection," of requiring every business man who did business in the Indian country, or even remained there, to pay the Agent a sum of money for a permit. These permits were not mere licenses to trade with and "cheat the Indian," but permits to commit a wholesale robbery of all the Indian had or might ever hope to have. Merchants who had little five-hundred-dollar stocks of goods paid this Agent as much as five thousand dollars for permits, and owners of larger stocks paid proportionate amounts. No business man could deal honestly with the Indian, because he must have his money back, and he got it back by making large accounts against the Indian families for goods that the families never saw—that the merchant never even carried in stock or had to sell; accounts against Indians who never had bought a commodity from him in their lives, and whom he never had seen or heard of, except as he saw their names upon the *payment-rolls*. These accounts were taken to the Agency on payment week, and the poor Indian *creditor's* interest money, due and payable from the *debtor* Government (and not a charity fund, as some pretend to believe), was pro-rated among the makers of the accounts (for the accounts were always much greater than the payment). The Indian never saw a cent of his money, nor even touched the payment check, except to sign his name or make his mark on the back of it, while it was being held tightly in the grip of the "Merchants and Traders' Union's" agent in the wicket alongside of which the drove of lined-up, beast-brute Indians were marched to the music of "Modern Commercialism and Greed Exploitation" in the name of the United States Government and of justice to "Lo, the poor Indian"!

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

He had seen the last vestige of Indian freedom and liberty, customs and ways being taken away, the cramped surroundings of citizenship and severalty-ownership being forced upon his people, and States being carved out of his own happy hunting-grounds, sylvan forests, and wild-flower-bedecked prairies, to be organized and governed by the white man. The day had come to his people when, instead of "arising to kill and eat of the fat of the land and the firstlings of his flocks," these flocks must be sold to the licensed dealer and bought back in "paper-sack" dribs (not only as to groceries and meats, but as to every article of clothing and every kind of necessary supply); the price, both "going and coming," to be fixed by the dealer. He had seen his own dear country—his share with the other great tribes in the ancestral territory of all North America—the richest natural territory in the world, cut down and reduced by treaties which served to push him farther and farther west, and then were violated and deleted by the white man under one pretence and another, until the last pittance of his land was now to be taken. The time had come when he must see his people dominated by armed marshals and dragged before Federal courts under trumped-up "fire-water" charges, and before unfeeling judges in all their Governmental pomposity and utter disregard for all law and precedent; some of whom, if not most, were appointed and sent out from Washington for the adeptness of themselves and friends in graft, rather than their wisdom in the great science of Blackstone and Kent; and who needed only to hear the charge against a batch of twenty or thirty poor, ignorant Indians, lined up (as they were frequently) in platoon bunches, and the response of some officious deputy marshal that they "all plead guilty," to order all to the

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

penitentiary for terms that meant, to many of them, life sentences. This was most abhorrent and odious in the eyes and to the feelings of a tribe who would prefer death by fire and torture before slavery or submission to foreign rule.

Not only had he seen his people's children taken from the parents, but the parents had been forced to pay the children's board, at ruinous prices, away from home, out of the accumulated fund belonging to them, and for the "new-fangled" clothes that were so hateful in the sight of the parents and so distasteful and hampering to the free, lithe limbs of the "children of the forest."

He had seen the day come when his shrewdest and best informed subjects were throwing off the "blanket" and tribal relations; when a party of "squaw-men" and half-bloods had formed and grown up stronger than the parent stem, and was advocating for surrender to the white man the last vestige of ancient rights for the privilege of citizenship and "white-man enthusiasm and big-going-to-do"—when his young men and women were being turned out as graduates from the Government schools, with the maternal and paternal love "educated out of them," espousing the white man's ideas and wearing the white man's clothes; intermarrying with the whites, and bringing into disrepute the old tribal relations and chief-rule, as old-fashioned and out-of-date. The day had come when not only were these things being done, but when it was being demonstrated that it was best for both races that it should be done—that the merger of the red race into the white and its amalgamation had become the inevitable and certain fruits of the finger-point of Fate!

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

He had seen the day approach when he, the great Indian Chief of the proud, unconquerable *Kaw* race, must give way to the government of the Great White Father at Washington; when the beautiful legends of his tribe would never more be handed down from generation to generation through the lips of the chiefs, but must be recorded like simple, prosaic history, to be read by the vulgar and uninitiated!

The old Chief's beautiful daughter, *Tayiah* (meaning "Little Deer"), was then nearing graduation in one of the Government schools, and had been elected valedictorian of her class; and the young man (our author) had given her valuable assistance in the preparation of her graduation paper, with which she took the first grand prize, a scholarship in the great Indian University of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The young man had not yet put the *connubial chalice* to his lips, and could not conceal the attachment he felt for the fair Indian maiden; in fact, he spent much of his time away from his office and at the palatial brown-stone manor-house of the rich old Chief, in company with his talented daughter. The old Chief was not blind, and his eyes twinkled with suppressed pleasure when he saw the play of affection between the two; he did not attempt to conceal the fact that he would be pleased to lay his mantle on the young man's shoulders. He felt that his oath of secrecy should bind him no longer, since to hold the secret would be but to lose it to the world.

These legends had been given to him by his predecessor chief, on his election to that high office, under oath that they should never be revealed except to his successor. (The tribe did not have a written language and, like all the other tribes, made no written history;

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

but, unlike the other tribes, the *Kaws* preserved their history by and through their "Chief Legends." Their legends in the breasts of the old chiefs constituted their history, and were handed down from chief to chief, by word of mouth, from the beginning of time to the present; and were, by an ancestral decree, never to be written "as long as water should flow or grass grow.")

Wash-hun-gah saw that, in all probability, no successor would ever be elected to succeed him, and that the great legends must be lost to the world on his death; he therefore consented, after great deliberation and prayer, together with pow-wows and corn-dances among all the people of his tribe, to give to his young friend and attorney, under the sanctity of a most solemn and binding oath that they should not be revealed by him to the world until there was no longer any probability of a successor; and even then, in no event, until a period of twenty-one years from the Chief's death should have elapsed, *all the Sacred Legends of the Tribe*.

It was under these circumstances that this strange legend of AD-EM-NEL-LA, among all the other legends of the tribe, was given to the author just a few months prior to the death of the grand old Chief—the last living Chief of the *Kaw Nation*.

The author was permitted to write them all and translate them from the Choctaw to the English language; and they have remained hidden away from the eyes of all beholders, a profound secret, until the expiration of the time limit; and this first revelation brings forth now the first one of them for publication for the first time in the history of the world.

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

The legend of AD-EM-NEL-LA is the *Kaw's* belief concerning the creation and population of the worlds, and especially of the Earth. It teaches that, before anything was created, and when nothing except CHITOKAKA, Almighty God himself, existed, He in his wisdom made all the Souls that were ever to be, and constituted of them a commission, or conclave, with all powers that He himself had, except the power to *create a soul*. In fact, the Conclave had more power than the Godhead, because it could create imperfect worlds and beings, while God could not create an imperfect or impure being. That this Conclave of Souls created all worlds and peopled them with beings in which the souls themselves took up their abode, and had their in-dwelling for the purpose of demonstrating that a being made from any substance whatever, if leavened with a part of the Divine Essence, will rise and perfect itself, in course of time, until it eventually becomes worthy to sit in the councils of the Most High, and, in fact, becomes a part of the Godhead.

The names of many of the members of this Council or Conclave have been handed down through the generations for many ages as they appear in this revelation.* They will show undoubtedly that they do not belong to the Choctaw language; but bear a very strong resemblance to the Israelitic or Hebrew names; and if they came from that source, it is evident that they came to this country long before our history begins. We have no history of the Jews having had any communication with, or even knowledge of the existence of, the Western Hemisphere until the fifteenth century; and this legend certainly antedated that period. How these legends got to North America, or, indeed, how the Indian tribes reached this country, is

*See page 63.

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

one of the hitherto unsolved mysteries, as there is no history extant that throws any light, and it is yet shrouded in mystery, unless the "Legends of the Great *Kaw* Tribe, as Revealed through Their Last Surviving Chief, *Wash-hun-gah*," which have not yet been given to the world, shall be found to supply the missing link.

It is a well-developed theory among a class of archæologists that the North American Indian sprang from the same race that, centuries afterward, laid the foundation of the empires of the Incas and Aztecs in South America; that the Easter Islands, and all that Polynesian group, were reached at first, and later the South American coast, by traveling from one island to another across the intervening ocean; and thus they found their way to this continent over islands that have since disappeared beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The Department of Agriculture is now interesting all the ethnologists, botanists, and linguists in a careful study of the Malayo-Polynesian archæology, the languages, etc., and it is likely that our author will soon begin the publication of the Revelations of *Wash-hun-gah* that pertain to this phase of the history of the world, if some of the national museums or historical societies do not take them over.

It is patent that many modern ideas and details of quite recent date have grown into the legend of

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

AD-EM-NEL-LA, and become a part of it; the incidents of the love-story itself seem to have taken place in a Western town in the United States, and among white people, within the last few years; but this is only natural, since all legends take on color and form from every country and every age through which they pass. It is a well-known corollary that everything which depends for its life on communication from lip to lip, without written record, partakes of the lips through which it passes down through the ages, and may be traced in that way. There can be no doubt of the antiquity of this legend when this phase of it is carefully and rightly studied.

AD-EM-NEL-LA was one of the originally created souls, and therefore a part of the original Conclave of Souls that created all worlds and all the inhabitants of all worlds; and it is the legend of AD-EM-NEL-LA alone which is revealed in this book. He was consigned, by the Conclave, to take up his abode in the bodies of two individual persons on the Earth. By the Conclave's design the creatures made for the different worlds were made suitable for the worlds for which they were created. The Earth was created with a dual nature, everything was made in pairs; there was a male and female duality that pervaded every particle and atom of the Earth and all the things that pertained to it; and, as no perfect thing could have duality, or as a half unit with no power to procreate itself without the meeting of another sex or foreign element was incomplete, it was evident that a union of two individuals of every species and thing on the Earth was required to make perfection or perfect entity; and as every soul was a perfect entity, and a likeness of the Creator, the souls to be sent to the Earth were necessarily divided into two parcels to fit the male and female atoms of clay that were to become human beings.

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

A soul thus divided into male and female parts and put into separate individuals would incline those individuals to seek each other, because the immortal would dominate the mortal part of the individual and force him toward an union.

The theory of the legend, therefore, is that there can be but one man in the world for each woman, and *vice versa*, and that a union of individuals whose parcenary or chorisized souls are not parts of one complete entity is an abortion of Nature and an attempt to annul the great "First Law."

The love-story is told by the male AD-EM-NEL-LA seeking his *Amaralma*, or female element of his soul—the destined man and woman seeking each other, the man and woman *fated, created* for each other.

It seems that when the destined pair found each other on the Earth, they belonged to different strata of society, moved in different "sets," or there was some other great obstacle that prevented them from meeting each other in the ordinary manner; and their courtship had to be entirely clandestine—they could not even write to each other. In fact, it seems to have been a courtship different from any other ever known, in that it extended over a long period of time and a multiplicity of circumstances, without the lovers having ever spoken or written to each other until after the courtship was entirely at an end.

The most praiseworthy and strongest as well as the most poetic trait in the character of the Indian's nature seems to be that steadfastness with which he conforms and adheres to the tribal forms or laws of his society—his sterling, unwavering honesty even in the face of death itself. It has been often remarked that an In-

EDITOR'S SCHOLIUM.—*Cont.*

dian who is condemned to death needs no bond to bring him to the place of execution on the day set; and, from *this story*, he seemed to be as conscientious in matters of love. Although these lovers had an abiding consciousness that they were created for each other, and were a part of each other by the inevitable law of Nature, which they believed was above all laws that man could make, they would not disobey the man-made law, but sought to overcome it in another way. How they succeeded, if they did succeed, is left to the judgment of the reader.

It smacks of a modern love-story, and is told by the hero himself, and entirely in verse. It is also a *monologue* and a *pantomime* in the nature of a picture play. They had no secret meetings, communications, nor liaisons; and all they did was fairly legitimate.

It has been the purpose of the author to render the story into clean-cut English, and eliminate all Choctaw words from the text, holding as he does that quotations of this kind, though so pleasing to the linguist who may understand them, are odious to the general reader and should not be included. In making some difficult renditions, however, where the exact "sense" of the original expression was found to be a little *clumsy* when brought into English, he has given extracts from the original language in the form of notes in the back part of the book, that will more aptly and fitly elucidate the idea of those passages in the story in its original form, and be found very helpful for the reader who is acquainted with the Choctaw.

The figures after the words in the text treated will refer the reader to the treatment.

THE EDITOR.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

(Note.—Please read Editor's Scholium before beginning the story.)

I.—THE CREATION.

Before a thought of worlds had e'er obtained,
Or earth or firmament was made or named,
 Before the twilight dawn of Time, we find
 In God's Omniscient, Omnipresent Mind
A notion to create—to cause to be
A being like Himself—fac-simile;
 A perfect being, one to sit in state,
 Omnipotent and able to create,
Replica of Himself—a perfect mold,
A nascent being—An Immortal Soul.*¹

Each Soul was part of God, a Spark or Breath,
Free from annihilation, loss, or death;
 Divine and holy Essence, Leavening,
 Through which to reach *all matter*, and it bring,
Through its own efforts—its own energy,
Up to a state of Immortality;
 That each crude entity in God's expanse
 Might corporate itself, rise and advance,
All wisdom learn, itself perfect and fit—
Become a part of God, and Infinite.

*See notes explaining the text, page 143.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

His purpose, in this potent work, was this :
To share a measure of Celestial bliss
 And have companions² in His heavenly home—
 ('Twas not good, 'e'en, for God to be alone) ;
To constitute, of mentors², in the skies,
A Conclave to intuit and improvise
 Plans for a wide extension of His grace,
 Make myriads of worlds and place in space ;

To people each with creatures fit to hold
Some part, or all, of an Immortal Soul,
 That every creature, whether high or low,
 Throughout the Universe might feel and know
The ruling habitant of his own sphere
Is part of God, and God is everywhere.

Thus He made every Soul that was to be
Or live in time, or in eternity ;
 And I was first on that Supernal Roll—
 ('Twas AD-EM-NEL-LA that He named my Soul.)

I sat in all the Conclaves of the skies,
Compeer, confrere with God,³ like Him all-wise.
 Our franchise, theurgic, was to create
 "*All but the Soul*, be they things small or great."

We made all worlds—made all the space would hold—
Composed of tin, of brass, of zinc, of gold,
 Of radium *gradate*, some lower, some higher,
 Aluminum, feldspar, clay, brimstone, fire—
Some substances more rare than these we used,
Which we made with a *breath*, nor power abused.

THE CREATION.

Of worlds we made there was no lack, nor dearth;
And one of them our Conclave called "The Earth";
And for the world called Earth, as was our plan,
We made that lordly habitant called "Man."

Jehovah might have made mankind direct,
Complete, immortal, perfect, circumspect;
But He decreed that each recipient
Perfect himself through self-development.⁴

Some worlds, the "suns," and "moons," and "stars,"
we set
Within the heavens, like a minaret,
Those interstellar jewels clad in white,
As scintillating beacons of the night;
From ambient depths of that lugubrious gloom
We created that cynosure of bloom,
Unknown to order, light, to cold or heat,
And set its nebulæ in her retreat.
In darkest rift and orifice we set
Such lambent jewels, in their parapet,
As would reflect the tints of distant sky
By flashes from the Sun's resplendent eye.

These jewels, yet, no crimson light had seen,
Nor spun their colors in its brilliant sheen;
The artist-god of tints had not begun,
For we had not yet made and placed the Sun.
Till all had been created—all finite,
All space was in Cimmerian pall of night;

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

No modicum of light had yet been seen,
Premonitory of the spectral gleam.

The "Milky Way" had not exposed to sight
Catoptric, pearly avenues of white,
Its veil had not been rent athwart the sky;
The Universe was dark, there was no "eye."

Our Conclave then arose to its full height,
To lift the pall from that eternal night,
That Stygian darkness, that great deep abyss
Which ne'er had known nor felt a sunbeam's kiss,
Knew not the great catholicon of day,
Its prophylactic, penetrating ray;
Knew not of that sweet message "Life" might
bring,
Because, as yet, we 'd made no *living thing*.

And when the planet worlds were made to fit,
Each in a proper place in its orbit,
And ready to be moved, or turned, or reeled
Like army hosts in some great battlefield
Commanded by some great Napoleon,
Or Cæsar when he crossed the Rubicon,
Each made to trace and retrace its own course,
By that unerring law, we made, called *force*,
And all, in awe-inspiring aspect, stood
As sentries of that deep, stark solitude—
That great unfathomable, broad *unpent*,
Devoid of crenelle in its battlement;
And all was cold and distant, dark and dead,
Except our Soul-Conclave and its Godhead,
We fashioned, set the great Sun in his place,
To light and vitalize all Nature's face;
And, unveiling His face 'mid blackest night,
God said: "Let there be light," and there was light.

THE CREATION.

And when that light to all the worlds had sped,
In all its primal colors panoplied,
 Archangels sang their shouts, "Hallelujah!"
 In holy, thankful praise for that New Day.
And planet, moon, and star, and asteroid,
New born into the family, out their void,
 Redeemed from pristine chasm and abyss,
 Sent back a radiant gleam, a thankful kiss.
"Aurora Borealis" through the sky
Sent lighted streamers in her ecstasy,
 And over all a "Bow of Promise" spanned,
 A promise, *everlasting*, from God's hand!

We set the worlds in space, their orbits fixed,
We circumscribed their spheres, them intermixed;
 Made some to turn on axis' rhythmic move,
 And some to wobble in a spiral groove;
Some with eccentric play, now up, now down,
Some rolling east, then west when half around;
 One speeding 'round a segment to its arc,
 Then on the chord to reach its countermark;
Some flying fast as if quite unrestrained—
Momentum wild—control again regained—

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

We made a law that would each world protect,
And give its functions purpose and effect;
And all were then inspected, as they stood,
By God himself, Who said: "'Tis very good."

II.—ALL WORLDS WERE PUT IN MOTION.

When we had harnessed the machinery, then,
Had oiled the gudgeons, "cranked the car," and when
All Heaven's hosts had gathered for the show,
God touched the 'lectric spark and let it go.
The whir and rumble, swish and roar that rent
The clouds and loosed the thunder's tones long pent,³⁰
Brought back to our Conclave the glad acclaim,
In universal worship of His Name.

The dreary wastes, long silent, mute and dumb,
Reverberated with Machinery's hum;
That universal World's-Wheel-Orchestra
Played the inaug'ral anthem of that day!
That momentum of force will never slack—
Artillery from Heaven "bellowed back"
In one contin'ous, deaf'ning, thund'rous roar—
World's glad acclaim echoed from farthest shore.
Our Conclave stopped its labors to drink in
And pay hosanna to the rav'shing din;
It was, in deed, the "music of the spheres,"
We *watched* and *listened* for a thousand years!

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

III.—POPULATING THE WORLDS.

Inhabitants were made for each new place,
Each from the substance of its own world's face;
 A Soul, or 'part of Soul, was then assigned
 To each of these as our Conclave designed.
Sometimes one Soul sufficed for five or ten,
According to that world's design, or when,
 As on the Earth, where, by Conclave decreed,
 Two persons have for but *one* Soul a need.
And all the worlds, and their inhabitants,
Were made in Heaven's Conclave, in advance
 Of His approving, final signature;
 We made them all, but made none perfect—pure.
Each habitant of every world made him
In *pairs*, or *sets*, or *groups*, whate'er our whim.

The habitants of Earth in *pairs*, to hold
The male and female *fractions* of a Soul.
 No being with a *sex* can be complete,
 And hence our law by which both sexes meet
To constitute an entity, or whole,
One of each sex for each Chorisized Soul;
 And each of these two sexes we inclined
 So it would seek its complement in kind.

To every living thing in earth or sea
We gave this nature of duplexity;
 Just *why* we made mankind *male* and *female*,
 I may reveal to you in my next tale.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

IV.—CARRYING OUT THE GREAT LAW.

In Conclave's session, as if by new birth,
I was appointed to come down to Earth ;
 All female parts, cast out of me, combined
 To animate a being of that kind ;
The other half of me was then sent, and
Went in to vitalize and make a man ;
 The Man and Woman had the task assigned,
 To seek and find each other, and, combined,
Produce descendants after their own kind
According to the Will of Divine Mind.

(All progeny are mongrels, as a whole,
But children of those with a common Soul.
 The law is strict, "No innovation make,
 Miscegenation's child thou shalt not take,
Thou shalt not marry if thou canst not find
Thy *Amaralma*—complement in kind.")

V.—THE FATED MAN AND WOMAN MEET.

And, coming now to Earth, I am *that man*,
 And sought *that woman* who enthralled my heart ;
I searched the Earth for her, as was His plan,
 Until my eyes beheld my counterpart.

THE FATED MAN AND WOMAN MEET.

I knew her when I saw her—knew her well—
Embodiment of all that 's fair and good ;
She, with her modest beauty, cast a spell
No sentient, mortal man could have withstood.
To say I was enraptured were too mild,
My whole volition passed to her control ;
A rev'rie filled the heart of Nature's child,
Kaleidoscopic visions charmed my soul !

'Twas Sunday morn, she stood at her church door
To open it for those who 'd enter there ;
I ne'er had seen or noticed her before—
I then beheld her face, her eyes, her hair !
Oh ! was it she, or could I b'lieve my eyes ?
So placid, beautiful, so young, so fair !
Oh, how it thrilled my soul to recognize
My living *Amaralma* standing there !

At first she seemed to hesitate, and gaze,
And search my eyes to find the secret there ;
And *now* 'twas found, she seemed as in a maze,
For she, like I, had sought it everywhere.
I knew she knew me, and her love was strong ;
I knew it was the first she 'd ever felt ;
Oh, what a task, with me, in that great throng,
To hide the feelings which, then, in me dwelt !
The knowledge that I 'd found her racked my frame
And stilled my soul like some great, deep forebode,
My tongue lay silent—could not speak her name,
And fear in rash confusion o'er me rode.

THE FATED MAN AND WOMAN MEET.

I saw my *other half* in full array,
Reflected from *our Soul*, in all her form,
Her roguish, laughing, jet-black eyes that day
Pierced through my heart like sweetest breath of
morn.

VI.—WE WERE STRANGERS, SHE A SLAVE.

We ne'er had seen each other till that day,
Nor knew each other's names nor ranks in life;
I knew not if some barrier might stay,
Nor whether she could ever be my wife.
Alas! I found, too soon, we could not meet;
She was in bondage, an unwilling slave,
Enchained by that old dragon-god *Discreet*,
In fetters cold and ruthless as the grave.

He forged his chains about her del'cate form,
Enacted laws to make his powers secure,
Pretendingly to shield her from all harm,
But that her love for *him* he might inure.
Exacting, jealous lover, dragon-god,
He gave no quarter nor hindrances brooked,
He ruled her, swayed her with an iron rod,
And closely to her shackles ever looked.

In spite of all his strictures, vigilance—
His locks, his bolts, his bars, as always prove,
She found excuse at me to steal a glance;
For there's no lock that can imprison love.
And as she blithely tripped along the street,
Bedight in homely dress, with hair half-done,
Or rich conceptions, elegant, complete,
It was the same to me, I had been won.

WE WERE STRANGERS, SHE A SLAVE.

For many hopeful, watchful hours I've stood,
At some choice spot that I might see her pass,
And, waiting there much longer than I should,
Have failed to get a glimpse of her at last;
Or sat upon the porch Hotel Blowhard,
Among the guests who frequent that swell place,
And watched her glide along the boulevard,
With all her agile beauty, poise, and grace;
And oft when I my paper feigned to read,
To hide my look at her from those around,
She'd cast her eye at me with lover's greed,
And smile to see the paper upside down;
And when she passed me by, so fresh, so chaste,
The pure, sweet girl with youth and love, so gay,
With what glad zeal I was constrained to haste,
And go to take my station there next day.

Sometimes she'd recognize me with her eye,
Sometimes my longing, saddened look she'd meet;
But many were the times she dared not try,
Because of her dread fear of old Discreet.
When he found out one method she'd employed
To show her love was strong and true for me,
And ordered her to cease, she, unannoyed,⁵
Would find another ruse in strategy;
When she, in passing me, dared look no more,
She'd pass me by, and then, sometimes, turn back;
Sometimes she'd look in window, or glass door,
And thus give Discreet's vigilance a "whack."
Sometimes, in passing me, when she got by,
And knew herself the object of my stare,
She'd touch her dainty finger 'neath her eye,
As if to stanch a tear that lingered there.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

And when old dragon caught this artful ruse,
She'd smile while passing me, but look away,
And, in the smile, she said: "You must excuse;
Old dragon's closely after me to-day."

And then I'd hie to some sequestered nook,
And pour out tears fresh from Dan Cupid's fount,
Sweet-bitter tears that none could ever brook
Except the lover standing on Hope's mount.

VII.—THE FOLLIES OF LOVERS.

One night we sat in church; her hat was new,
(I'm pleased to see her sport new dress or hat.)
She turned and sat one-sided in her pew,
As if to hear the discourse better by that;
Her real aim was that our eyes might meet,
And drink love's potions from their crystal depths;
And, at the same time, puzzle old Discreet,
And hamper him in taking other steps.

That hour sermonic, sweetest ever felt,
We laved our souls in crystal founts of love;
And while the preacher on the Dead Sea dwelt,
We dwelt on holy unction from above;
Oh, heavenly sermon that it must have been!
She looked so innocent, so *chic*, so cute—
It must have cleansed the people from their sin,
I saw her triune hat plumes them salute.

THE FOLLIES OF LOVERS.

The service out, too soon we had to go;
She strode away with Cleopatric grace,
And, from the tonneau of her new auto,
She turned and smiled into my pleading face.
The 'lectric lights were dead just at that place,
Nor old Discreet nor anyone could see,
But she saw me, and I could see her face,
Its brilliant beauty was a *sun* to me.

There was a halo shining 'round her face—
I had not noticed it until that night;
I see it now at any time, or place—
It makes her form a radiant of light;
This halo e'en affects her clothes, her gown,
So much that when her sister wears *her* hat,
I catch a glimpse of *it* away up town,
And hie to seek the "Blowhard" porch from that.

VIII.—THE AWFULNESS OF JEALOUSY.

One day I saw her, from my vantage-place,
Smile at a *man* and, passing, smile again,
And, entering her boudoir, turn her face,
And give him one more smile—(*Damsillygrin.*)*
Oh, whew! How suddenly my heart stood still!
How cold the chill that froze my rack-rent frame!
How sick and faint I felt, how weak my will!
How hot the fire that set my soul aflame!

*Anglicized Choctaw.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

For several days I "camped close on his trail,"
And watched him with foul murder in my heart;
I planned to kill him, crunch him like a snail—
(He swelled, his selfish pride began to start.)
That night, as I lay rolling—cursing—wild,
A hint let fall of him and her I'd heard,
An act I'd seen once, but which, then, was mild,
Came back to grill me, mounted, booted, spurred;
I raved like some mad wild beast in his cage,
As in my vitals that "green monster" gnawed;
I even cursed *her*, in my wildest rage;
And prayed, too, that I might not her defraud.
Before I'd run the thing to earth and found
It was a ruse of hers to fool Discreet,
I found my hair was turning gray all 'round,
My head, on top, somewhat hirsute-deplete.

(The worst curse Burns could find for all the foes
Of "Scotland's weal" was a two-months toothache;
Too merciful he was, the sequel shows,
To wish that they love-jealousy might take.)
From God's plan of rewards and punishments,
He might have, well, eliminated Hell
For desp'rate sinners—stubborn unrepents,
For jealousy had served that end as well.

IX.—THE SEVERE TEST.

Sometimes I've gone away from our home town,
That I might break the spell her charms have cast;
I've traveled—paced the irksome world around,
Intent, her magic to escape at last.

THE SEVERE TEST.

I thought to do this for her dear, sweet sake;
To go so far away we could not meet,
That she and I, both, might the love-charm break,
And I my claims release to old Discreet.
It was in vain, it only fanned the fire,
It only made me love her all the more,
It warmed the ardor of her mad desire,
It interlocked our hearts for evermore.

Whate'er I did, wherever I might be,
'Twas her I looked and waited to behold;
There was no rest, no quietude for me—
She is the Pole-star of my heart and soul.
No other in my heart can fill her place;
She is a *part of me*, that part sublime;
I crave her love, I bow before her face—
I want it all, I want it all the time!
So many times when I was far away,
'Mid scenes enchanting, charmed by Music's spell,
Where Youth was waltzing under Beauty's sway,
In "Lulu Fados" up-to-date and swell;
'Mid sweet incense of choice exotic flowers,
Where Wealth and Circumstance in Fashion's play,
Bejeweled ladies fresh from scented bowers,
In silks translucent to electric's ray,
In *décolleté*, with bosoms like the snow,
Aflame with diamonds' scintillating light,
And men intoxicate with champagne's flow,
And Wits o'ercome with chasing Beauty's sprite,
I've slipped away to some secluse retreat,
To hide my tears, and think of her, how fair
As she comes tripping down the village street,
In plain school-dress, and with her half-done hair!

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

And when a thousand faces I have scanned,
And searched for beauty up and down the Earth,
There is not one that bears her stamp and brand—
All counterfeit—all show the lack, the dearth;
Alike devoid of that which grips my heart;
Controls and makes me, yet, a better man—
All show, all false—they simply act a part;
The genuine is she, she bears the brand.

X.—WOMAN'S LURE.

Oft when she worshiped in her church at night, . :
I felt unworthy to her presence share,
I'd hide without and watch the colored light
Stream through art windows, and *her* worship
there;
And when the services were nearly past,
- I'd skulk her pathway, in deep shadows bide—
Thus made myself a cowardly outcast,
To spend one precious moment near her side!

Proud man! in all thy majesty and might,
How soon thou shalt become a *weakling—thing*—⁶
When *Woman's Lure* arrests thy aeroflight,
And plucks the golden pinion from thy wing!

Her Lure is like that little tongue of flame
Which plays upon the lowering storm-cloud's face,
And seems to us so innocent and tame,
So harmless, nugatory, commonplace;
And, from its tongue-tip, spits the thunderbolt
That leaps out from the sky with cruel stroke,
And, tearing through the air with crash and jolt,
Strikes, bursts asunder, kills the giant oak.

WOMAN'S LURE.

That sturdy mountain oak who, in his might,
Withstood the holocaust, and storm, and blast
A thousand years—that sylvan anchorite,
An idol, shattered by iconoclast!

Her Lure is like that fragile, velvet wing,
That gossamer of butterfly so fair,
Who dallies, sports among the flowers of spring,
And rides, so leisurely, the ambient air;
That ornate wing, light as the eiderdown,
Embellished in its silvery garniture,
Which fans a feeble whirl of air around
That, formed, at first, in vortex immature,
Engenders, as it swirls, a momentum
Of force like which, in Nature, none is known,
Becomes, of power, the great *infinitum*,
That gyratory, deadly, dread *Cyclone*!

Her Lure is like that lethal "turpinite,"
Some grains of which exploded, it is said,
Will kill whole troops of soldiers with one smite,
And leave them standing, still in line, *stark dead*.
'Tis like that power mesmeric-Marconi
Which flashes from omnivorous Atlantic
Corruscant sparks of electricity,
And succors, saves a found'ring *Titanic*,
And brings its tribulation that relief
No hitherto known agent can impart—
Her Lure, a *fortiori*, latent chief,
It reaches, grips, o'erpowers, enslaves my heart!

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

XI.—A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US.

One time we had a great evangelist
Hold services in our town twenty days;
It was a union—Baptist, Methodist—
A mixture of all “isms” and all ways;
The sessions held in St. John’s Park at night,
And some two thousand people came each time;
The weather fine, the park well wired for light,
The minister an orator sublime;
The orchestra was large enough to seat
A thousand singers, organ, lute, and lyre,
Proscenium and preacher’s stand complete—
She was a member of the splendid choir.

I believed in Christianity and prayer,
I was an interested worshiper;
My Christian zeal as great as any there,
And too, beyond all that, I worshiped *her*;
I think I’m competent, therefore, to say
A truth which neither need be “swaged nor
swelled”:
Of all religious gath’rings to that day,
It was the greatest meeting ever held.

I first chose what I thought a *vantage* place,
As, usually, most worthy Christians do,
A seat not too far from the “fount of grace,”
Affording other handy “outlooks” too;
When I had chosen—settled on that pew,
She shifted hers upon the stage with care,
So that, with reference to me, she knew
She’d be ensconced behind the preacher’s chair.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US.

She knew her business when she made that ruse :
I saw old Discreet "lick his chops" and smile—
He thought, then, he could take a pleasure cruise ;
I knew she had him beaten half a mile.⁷

XII.—THE WILES OF THE FAIR.

To see deception of the highest grade,
By some past-mistress of the *Circe* plan,
You want to see, in Love's embrace, a maid
Set out and bait her traps to catch a *man*.
Catch one, then turn him loose to catch some more,
And wing and wound them with her polished
darts ;
Or sling them, like a fish, on some hot shore,
To gape and pant for breath till life departs ;
Manipulate, and get them to one spot,
Corral them with some new sorceric "gag" ;
Then, like the hunter, make a grand "pot-shot,"
And fold their scalps away in her handbag.

A man may have the wisdom of old Sol.,
The length of years of old grandpa Methuse.,
Repeat Macaulay, Shakespeare by the vol.,
Know all philosophy of old Confuce. ;
May know the labyrinths of old Valjean,
The Pentateuch, the Koran, and all that ;
Spin off Greek poetry by quire or ream,
*Et tout cela que notre plus grand a fait ;*⁸

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

But woman, when she loves, can set more plans
 To get the man she wants—to make him glad ;
Can wheedle, dominate him, tie his hands,
 Manipulate him, make him good or bad,
Humiliate him, mold him, him debase,
 Lift him to Heaven, cast him down to—well,
Can make his life a byword and disgrace.
 (Lord pity him who falls before her spell !)

Her wish was to conciliate Discreet,
 To hoodwink him and mitigate his powers,
To show him she was in a safe retreat ;
 And *Freedom's right to love* would then be ours !

It was so classy, esoteric, *doux*,
 While she sat there so saintly, neat, and meek,
And I like some old pompous kangaroo,
 For us to play the game of "hide and seek" ;
We played it straight and hard, we played it true—
 I hope you 'll not forget we "held the bit" ;
And here 's a secret just for me and you :
 Old dull Discreet did not "catch on" to it.

In order to retain our chosen seats,
 We had to be there early on the ground ;
I had been tardy at one of the meets,
 And found her "on the job" with mine held down.

JEALOUSY A TRUE TEST OF LOVE.

The members of the choir had then been called,
But she 'd engaged a chum to hold her seat ;
She 'd, thus, the members of the choir forestalled,
And hence arranged "our business" all complete.
A little thing like that is ne'er forgot,
It weaves of warp and weft that will not part,
It smacks of piquant romance and love-plot,
And makes a man feel good down in his heart.

XIII.—JEALOUSY A TRUE TEST OF LOVE.

One night a neighbor girl sat near my seat,
I handed her a rose with which to toy,
She looked at me and smiled a little sweet—
The silly girl meant naught but youthful joy ;
As soon as services were closed that night,
She ran and snatched the rose from her, away,
Her blazing eyes gave that poor girl a fright,
From which she 's not recovered till this day.
She tore its petals out with savage frown,
With them the four winds of the Earth made red,
Vindictively she threw the stamen down,
And "with her heel she bruised the serpent's head."

Next day her dear face looked so sad, forlorn,
I felt unable to restrain my tears ;
She turned her head away from me in scorn—
I saw she 'd aged, last night, at least ten years !
All through the services I sat and wept ;
Until the very last she held aloof,
Disdainfully she lofty spirits kept,
In meting out to me my just reproof ;

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

I begged her with my eyes—I based my plea
On accident, *aussi non savoir faire*—⁸
To lift the burden from me—make me free—
Let me again her recognition share.
At torment's rack she kept me till the last ;
And, when the services were nearly o'er,
She lowered her pensive eyes—her heart beat fast—
And let me gaze into her soul once more.

Oh, glad renewal's *crucible-bought* love !
'Tis sweeter than all other loves beside—
Shekinah's search-light beaming from above—
It lives when all the other loves have died.
The preacher spoke somewhat of this great love,
The price of our redemption from dread sin ;
Of Christ's descension from the realms above
And His ascension back to Heaven again,
And how His closest friends here on the Earth,
Friends whom He 'd walked with daily, and had
shown
The closest ties of friendship from His birth,
Denied, shamelessly, Him they 'd ever known !

While he was dwelling on that solemn theme,
She thought of *my* great love and how replete
It is for her, and of our sweet love-dream,
Of her denial of me for old Discreet.
Her face was saddened by the solemn thought,
Of how I 'd loved and waited on her whim,
How she, my precious jewel, my love-bought,
Was now denying *me* as they did *Him*.

JEALOUSY A TRUE TEST OF LOVE.

The preacher said we should not too much blame,
We should condone and pity all we can;
That most of us, perhaps, would do the same—
 'Twas but a human frailty of poor man.
I told her, with my eye, her I'd not blame,
 It was her duty, from a world's viewpoint,
That she, soci'ty's belle, maintain her name,
 The skeleton of Pride be kept anoint.

XIV.—CONDONEMENT'S SACRIFICE.

He preached on duty once, in its concrete:
 "The zealous Christian should for lost souls
 thirst;"
She went and knelt at that poor "rose-girl's" feet,
 Too overcome to speak to her, at first;
At last, when she had put her shame away,
 She begged the girl her insult to condone,
To turn and make a start for Heaven that day,
 To be *her sister*, help *her* reach "that home."
They sang some more, and waited in suspense;
 She agonized with God, her grief expressed,
And said: "O God, it is for *my* offense"—
 And then the girl surrendered, and was blessed.

Oh how my soul rejoiced to see her work,
 How nobly she had paid Condonement's price,
How grandly filled her duty without shirk,
 And led her erstwhile enemy to Christ!

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

And when she had resumed her usual place,
Replenished Discreet's crass, narcotic haze,
I gazed once more into her pensive face,
And gave her once again my meed of praise.
And then we drank, and drank, and drank of love;
Her deep-cut eyes, of which I've often dreamed,
Lit up my soul with visions from above—
The more we drank the more athirst we seemed.

XV.—ENVY'S MISSION.

Once, in an evil hour, there came to me,
Of her a whispered rumor one had heard,
A *hint* of something some one knew *might be*—
A hint! ten-fold more deadly than a word;
A whispered hint such as may often rise,
In coarse stultiloquence that none may trace,
And, nursed and pampered to colossal size,
Becomes a stranger at its starting-place;
A rumor starting in an idle jest,
Though it might be objurgated at first,
By looks and whispers, to imply the rest,
Will soon, through circulation, do its worst;
Though it be but hyperbole, abstract,
Yet, oft repeated, listened to, received,
It waxes strong, at length becomes a fact
(Or tantamount to fact)—it is believed;
And having reached the potency of fact,
More acts, as innocent, are misconstrued;
For Envy has a vital intrigue-pact,
Caballing the lascivious and lewd.

ENVY'S MISSION.

Old Envy and her sister Jealousy
On sickly rumor gloat and ruminate
Until its growth is fairly under way,
That their smooth tongues¹⁰ may it disseminate;
They shoot their poisoned shafts from Falsehood's bow,
They revel in the discord they have sown,
They view their ripening fields of tares bend low,
And haste to reap a harvest of their own;
That harvest based on damnable offense,
That crime devoid of every sense of shame,
Because it preys on spotless innocence,
And blackens, withers, pure, sweet woman's name.

And those two often sit with Innocence
About her festive board, with her to sip,
Devoid of every semblance of offense,
In simulated, soothing mock-friendship,
And, as the fairest flower of plain or field
May in its petals hold a poison vile,
They that ophid'an poison hold, and yield
To him whom they would deign their sweetest
smile.

In evil hour, I said, there came to me
Aspersions which the Elect might deceive;
I fought suspicion, seeking to be free,
My love for her so strong I dared believe.
Some weeks passed by before I saw her face—
(How cumbrously old Time dragged those weeks
by!)

And then we met in our accustomed place,
And once again I looked into her eye;

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

And searching in that earnest, thoughtful eye,
The sacred and eternal truth to know,
When she had given me her mute reply,
I knew the black'ning rumor was not so.

XVI.—PANEGYRICS; THE LOVER'S WAIL.

Her thoughtful, guileless face so tender, true—
No face like that has ever yet been known,
A daintier baby-nose none ever knew;
I long to make its owner soon my own.
Oh, that ambrosial osculum so sweet!
That rich brown hair! the contour of her face!
A daintier girl I ne'er expect to meet,
Embodiment is she of every grace;
Her *embonpoint*, her heaving bosom fair,
Her modest taste, her lack of crass display,
Her buoyancy, her open, splendid air,
Can not be duplicated in this day.
Her mannerisms hold such charm for me,
I read in them her thoughts, her passions' play;
In every movement of her form I see
New beauties which endear her more each day.

Whatever rugged steeps in my pathway,
Howe'er caliginous my path may prove,
I have a ready balm, panacea—
I only need to *think* of her dear love.
'Tis thoughts of her that banish every ill,
And from life's cares, vexations, me redeem,
Make my life one canorous canticle,⁹
One sweet, romantic, glad, Utopian dream.

PANEGYRICS.

My love makes her transparent like sunbeams ;
My soul but lacks her loving smile to cheer ;
She 's empress in the palace of my dreams—
How sad my heart when sad through love of her !
I gaze into her eyes to see her soul,
I penetrate its depths with mystic kiss,
I feast upon the love I there behold ;
And God himself can give no greater bliss.
Her love is more to me, ten thousand fold,
Than all that 's held in earth, in sky, in sea ;
To lie beside her in the tomb and hold
Her hand for aye were Heaven enough for me !

Should old grim Death claim her ere he takes me,
To its necropolis her body bear,
Oh ! how could I, poor mortal, bear to see
My revered icon of her soul laid there ?
But e'en that minatory cup I 'd drain,
Ten thousand nepenthes from Pluto's hand ;
I 'd rather die a thousand deaths in shame
Than have *her love* giv'n to another man !

What though, forsooth, she love some poor soul here,
Or he for her the tender passion feel ?
Such loves were evanescent—I 'll not fear—
Our bonds surpass eternal hooks of steel !
And naught that may o'ertake her, e'en disgrace,
With all its whispered, scathing, venom sting,
Shall change my heart, or turn from her my face,
Or evil thought of her to me e'er bring.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

Yea, though she's made an outcast among men,
Whom women draw their skirts aside to pass,
I'll follow her e'en to the Devil's Den,
And rescue my love-mate from him at last;
For she and I are one—souls of one Soul—
Our souls in AD-EM-NEL-LA are combined;
Together, while eternal cycles roll,¹¹
We'll dwell, and fill the plan of Divine Mind.

XVII.—THE LOVERS TRANSPORTED TO HEAVEN.

The preacher's audience was in command
On his *last night*, as if enwapt in chains,
He held it with a dextrous, solid hand,
And carried it away to oth'r domains.
He took us up into the realms above,¹²
Where worlds were spread about us in array;
While I still searched her deep black eyes for love,
And saw their lashes droop, them fade away.
He laid us on a cloud up in the skies;
Her precious head was resting on my breast,
We were still gazing in each other's eyes,
And all was peace, and quietude, and rest.

We, from that bill'wy cloud, were looking out,
And saw a wide sea of resplendent glass,
Translucent, iridescent all about;
And, here and there, we saw angels flit past.

TRANSPORTED TO HEAVEN.

The firmament of glass extended far—
Far out beyond where heaven's bow bends down—
Its brilliancy and beauty none could mar,
And orange and purple seemed most to abound.
Then, from infinite distance, worlds came out
Like stars sometimes appear, with shimm'ring
blink,
And from those worlds we heard redemption's shout—
'Twas sinners being rescued from the brink.
My hand was toying with her pretty hair,
Her sweet lips, then, to me, were nectar's cup,
Nous étions le plus heureux, lying there—
The "Music of the Spheres" was starting up;
Reverberations through the skies then broke—
Her eyelash held on it a little tear—
The symphonies of Worlds' Ecstatic Stroke
In one glad anthem sounded far and near;
The preacher's peroration was mixed in,
His voice was leading with soft alto note;
Yet louder than all Hell's eternal din,
The Worlds' Great Tympanum the music smote;
And louder than all this, and yet still higher,
There was a note which thrilled me far above:
It was her heaving breast, in mad desire—
'Twas begging me to give her yet more love!

And then the the earthly audience transformed
Into an iridescent orchestra,
And souls came out from every world, new born,
It was All-Worlds' Emancipation Day.
And with my eyes of gray I gazed away
Down into her blue-blacks, as they appealed;
It was the forces of the "Blue and Gray"
Arrayed in contest on Love's battle-field.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

And as the strains of music, sweeter still
Than all the glad'ning symphonies of Earth,
Resounded from those other worlds to thrill
Those blood-washed souls now filled by that new
birth,
More angels still came out from stars unknown,
In glad acclaim saluting redeemed man;
And all the Universe, e'en God's great throne,
Was throbbing, trembling like a great organ;
Across the heavens, like a bow, there spanned¹³
A music staff of jaspered gold,
Along the staff there ran the Master's hand,
To point out notes, the music-sheets unfold.
It was an *Eisteddfod* from every sphere,
Uranus, Jupiter, Mars, all the rest;
Echoing music came from everywhere,
It was an universal technique test.

The choir, perhaps in Mars, would sing one bar,
The Pleiades strike in with choir or band,
The refrain then perhaps from hot Dog-star—
While she smiled on and still held to my hand.
Their voices' compass was infinitude,
They "heavy-pedaled" with the thunder's tone;
We were with proper hearing powers endued;
Each world attuned its thunder to its zone.¹⁴

The music wafted us up to the throne,
Our Conclave was in session on that day;
We entered in to mingle with our own,
And our old friends a friendly visit pay.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

XVIII.—THE HEAVENLY MARRIAGE.

The Conclave's High Priest *married* us that day,
All elements of our Soul were combined—
The session had become a holiday,
Somewhat like a carousal 'mong mankind;
We had a hundred bridesmaids, all arrayed
In creations not yet dreamed of by "Worth";
She wore the finest trousseau ever made,
No gowns so *thin* can e'er be *seen* on Earth;
Our bridesmen were the Conclave's select set,
All revel-rounders, paladins *la mode*;
We made of it the grandest wedding yet,
In palaces Elysian we tangoed.
Here is a list of guests, from which you'll see
The names of only those most *recherché*
Were: Sir-ub-ba-bull, Wa-lah, Six-times-three,
Sab-bo-ni, Shab-bu-lum, Xi-Xon, Tu-bay;

O, Gu-ba-la-o-um, Adown-a-ram,
Hy-rum G. Biff, Lii-bur-tees, Let-nay-ii;
Siaa-sus-zaza-ra-sii, Shab-ii-ran,
Ha-her-shal-ahl-hash, Sheth-shar-boz-nai;

Sa-do-nal, Bib-lem, He-bel, Sha-shush-shar,
Hen-dy-ah, Hen-dake, Sabod-zabod-done;
Stole-skin, Re-vaugh, Haul-kol, Re-han, Hu-har;
And ceremonial master Chaw-raw-bone.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

The Conclave's wedding-feast was *le plus grand*,
But all proceedings there we dare not tell;
I long, again in them, to take a hand;
From *Man* they are a secret guarded well.

We were remanded then to earthly life,
That the celestial marriage be confirmed,
That we take on the name "husband and wife"—
Then that ineffable Conclave adjourned.

XIX.—HER EUROPEAN TRIP.

The vision past, the heav'nly marriage o'er,
I learned, next day, that she was to be sent
Across the ocean to a foreign shore,
And placed in college, or perhaps convent.
Old Rumor did not know the reason why
Was made this change so sudden and complete,
Unless some craze had seized *her* family,
Or it had been the work of old Discreet.
I waited on old Rumor several days,
And courted her to find out all, perchance,
That might leak out in divers, sundry ways,
Until I learned that *she* was going to France.
She was to take a college course in part;
A year in dress-technique was to be spent,
Some four years in the languages and art,
And then she 'd travel 'bout the Continent.

HER EUROPEAN TRIP.

How I survived that news—its awful shock,
Can never be expressed, except in part;
Attempt to paint its bale is but to mock
That fulminating sorrow in my heart.
Though I rejoiced that she could well afford
To go and drink from Learning's fountain-head,
Where 'cumulated centuries had stored
The wisdom of the living and the dead,
On Honor's proud escutcheon write her name,
The citadels of Wisdom's gods assail,
And promenade historic halls of fame
With Mmes. "Sand," Sévigné and de Staël,
I felt that I should never see her more,
Our sun was set 'mid clouds of bitter gloom,
Discreet was op'ning wide for her Death's door,
Her trip to Europe was but to the tomb!

The day she took the train to go away,
Her friends had gathered there to shake her hand,
And say to her: "God speed the happy day
When you shall come back to your native land."
Her father, she and select friends, a few,
Were there before the train was due to start,
To check the baggage, do what was to do,
And I was there with wounded, broken heart.

Perhaps you 've waited for a train to start
That was to bear away your brother—friend,
And felt that dull suspense before you part,
In which all conversation seems to end;
That lull in which there 's nothing left to say,
That moment when your feelings seem too deep,
When you, from all, would rather steal away
To privacy where Modesty might weep.

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

Where you may hold his hand in friendly grip,
Impress a kiss upon his tear-stained cheeks,
Ambrosial drafts from Friendship's calix sip,
And *feel* that eloquence that *silence speaks!*
If so, you've had a faint taste of that day.
You hoped, howe'er, you'd see *your* friend again,
'Twas only *friend* or kinsman going away;
She's more than all this world—friends, kith and
kin!¹⁵

I could not speak to her, but I could *look*,
I gazed upon her face and marked it well,
It seemed I could not that dread ordeal brook,
But yet I stood an inert sentinel.
And when her friends had bidden her good-bye,
And that lugubrious lull hung like a pall,
I got a chance to gaze into her eye,
And we, together, drank that cup of gall!
We both held back our tears—strove to be brave,
We steeled ourselves, our feelings to defy;
It seemed we stood there by her open grave,
Her trunk the coffin in which she must lie!

I thought how much more dear was she to me
Than all the world beside; how Heaven sends
Such ties; and yet we dared, most stupidly,
Not let the world know we were even friends.
When she shook hands with all her friends but me,
And I stood there unrecognized, alone,
An outcast, stigmatized, in infamy,
It was the saddest day I'd ever known.

HER EUROPEAN TRIP.

Then she entrained and sat where she could see,
And, as the train moved out, she caught my eye,
And, smote as by some Thespian phantasy,
The tears burst from her eyes—she *had to cry*.
And in that vast concourse all eyes were dry,
No tear was shed except by her and me.
How little heeds the world as we pass by,
How sacred love, when true love's found, should
be!

Three days of waiting, anxious, critical,
A message was received that told the tale;
They'd wirelessly from a New York hospital:
"Your daughter's here—not booked—too sick to
sail."
That message was, to me, ten wires in one—
Projectile larger, than its mortar's bore—
'Twas like a German *minenwerfer* gun;
It told me that her Paris trip was o'er;
It told me she could not leave me so far,
'Twould not be long till she and I would meet,
Her love for me the ægis Gibraltar—
'Twas but another ruse to fool Discreet.
It told me she, at last, had had her way,
That *Love* was in the race, would reach the goal;
Oh, how it gladdened me, and filled, that day,
The sacred penetralia of my soul!

XX.—TURMOILS OF THE PROSAIC WORLD.

Her French trip o'er, one day I took my place
Upon the street where she most often goes;
Her brother stopped and struck me in the face,
Then drew a long dirk knife from 'neath his
clothes.

TURMOILS OF THIS PROSAIC WO

He rushed upon me, with the knife, and struck,
But, in some way, I snatched it from his hand;¹⁶
It happened in an instant, was pure luck,
For he 's, in point of strength, the better man.
When we were pulled apart, and he 'd sunk down,¹⁷
He seemed to be in his last gasps for life,
His blood was running out upon the ground;¹⁸
There, in my hand, they saw the bloody knife!

For several days the prejudice ran high,
The facts suppressed, deleted inch by inch;¹⁹
At night small squads of strange men hovered nigh,
They wanted me turned over to "Judge Lynch."
One night the mob sought me with fire and smoke—
They failed to find me, but they burned my
home;²⁰

It was for them, or me, a lucky stroke
That I, that night, had gone to parts unknown.

When court came on, the lawyers were arrayed
On both sides of the case—lined up in tiers;
"Attempt to murder" was the charge they made,
The punishment for which was twenty years.
Her brother swore that I jerked out a knife
And cut him several times without a cause,
And that he surely would have lost his life
Had not the crowd rescued him from Death's
jaws;
The others swore that we were interlocked,
The first they noticed, and were "milling 'round";
That they pulled us apart, and were then shocked
To see his bloody clothes, as he sank down.

AD-EM-NEL-LA

She sat beside her brother through the trial,
She never 'lowed me, *once*, to catch her eye.²¹
There is no punishment like her denial;
I cared not whether I might live or die!
No "motive" for the crime was ever shown,
I would not go upon the stand and swear,²²
I would not let their lawyers, *nor my own*,
Know aught of our sweet, secret love-affair.²³

Their lawyers whispered, several times, aloud,
As they leaned o'er the tables to confer,
Until they had the jury and the crowd
Believe it grew from *my insulting her*.
One lawyer said, in arguing their case:
"I shall defend the woman of our land,
I dare to tell the criminal to his face
That he who can't defend her is no man,
And though they cut and stab *me* to the heart,
They can, by that, take from *me* only life;
I swear that I shall ever take her part—
They shall not *smirch my sister*, nor my wife!"

When all the lawyers²⁴ had poured out their flood
Of *bosh*, and had the jury raging—wild,
The audience was clam'ring for my blood—
Cries from the crowd came up: '*The Pen's too mild!*'²⁸

Then *she* arose and hurried to my side;²⁵
She held my hand, our love-pact to renew;
She looked the jury in the face and cried:
"*When you send him away, you'll send me too!*"

TURMOILS OF THIS WICKED WORLD.

"I 'll wear the prison stripes—work by his side,
His twenty years of punishment I 'll share;
And when his time is served, I 'll be his BRIDE—
God knows he 's innocent, and He 'll be there.
My brother carried *this knife* every day—
He carried it to kill the man I love;
I begged him, prayed with him that he might stay
His hand, or it be parried from Above;
I saw my brother strike him the first blow,
I saw him draw the knife and plunge it, and
I watched them from my window, and I know—
I saw the knife snatched from my brother's hand."

The crowd then changed its attitude, and cheered,²⁶
Congratulations came e'en from *Discreet*,
Such deafening shouts were scarcely ever heard;
The jury said, "Not guilty!"²⁷ from its seat.

Somebody "made a motion" that we wed,
The audience "*went crazy*" to a man;
The ceremonial by the judge was read,
Her brother kissed my WIFE, and *shook my hand!*
And as I kissed her *my first time* she said:
"We speak now, dear, for *our first time in life*;
A PANTOMIMIC COURTSHIP till we 're wed—
A most romantic mode to win a wife."

And, as our bridal train was "pulling out,"
She caught a parting glance of old Discreet,
And, as she hugged my neck, they heard her shout:
"*Oh, Mr. AD-EM-NEL-LA, your're so sweet!*"

AD-EM-NEL-LA.

Next day, while still aboard our bridal train,
 (We had a modern bride's coach, all complete,)
There came, of telegrams, a constant rain
 From our old friends, as well as old Discreet.
They wired congratulations, pardon free,
 They wired me *entrée* to high social rank;
The bank directors wired, and tendered me
 The presidency of *her brother's bank!*

XXI.—ADDENDUM.

Twelve months from that eventful, crucial day,
 Months of sweet, consummated love replete,
That happy, care-free girl had had her way—
 *Her fortune had put me on Easy Street!*²⁹

The End of Story.

Qu'il eût été.

If this had been a tale of modern day,
 It would, of course, not yet have been complete;
But, in the last line, would have *had* to say:
 "*She named our BABY BOY for old Discreet.*"

ALLENHURST.

"MADE IN THE U. S. A."

SHORT POEMS.

MY MOTHER'S INITIAL PRAYER.

NOTE.—Like many of the old-fashioned mothers in the dear old mountain valleys of East Tennessee, in the long-ago, my mother had a different prayer for each of her numerous children. She composed a set prayer for each child, made up of sentences whose initial letters represented the letters of the given child's name, so that when she wished to pray for one of the children, she had to think only of the *letters* in his name, and his prayer would come easily to her memory. Having so many children, there would have been, otherwise, great confusion.

These prayers were called the children's "lines," and each child knew its "lines." Sometimes a bright child could repeat the "lines" of all the children of the family.

We were taught to repeat our "lines" over and over (like incantations), to ward off the tempter, and save us harmless from sin, when under temptation.

Most of the children's "lines" used in those days were pretty well sprinkled with invocations relative to the parent's duty not to "spare the rod." My mother never *spared* it, as I can testify "with truth." The following are the "lines" she made and used for me.

Those old-fashioned mothers believed in *living*, before their children, the life they would inculcate, rather than *telling* them how to live and what to be.

I am thankful for the old-fashioned mothers, their old-fashioned prayers, and their old-fashioned *lives*.

ALLENHURST.

MY MOTHER'S INITIAL PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, Thou to me hast sent
This precious boy from Thy Infinite Womb,

LOANED him to me, as Thou the talents lent,
And made me answerable for his doom!

LET not Thy weak handmaiden fluster Thee,
Nor fail to execute Thy holy trust;

E'EN as my love for him, be Thine for me,
Yet hold me to my duty as Thou must—

NOR let me, by the serpent, be beguiled
To “spare the rod” and thereby “spoil the child.”

HELP me to teach him, as Thou me hast taught,
Through kindly love—yea, even punishment;

UPHOLD and strengthen me that I, in naught,
May shirk my duty, or it circumvent.

REVEAL Thyself to *him* through my *lived* life,
Made strong and pure as Thou wouldst have
him be;

SAVE me from guile and sinfulness so rife,
Since *he must be* whate'er Thou makest me.

TO me ne'er let him say, with truth, O God,
I spoiled the child by having spared the rod.

ALLENHURST.

LA MENTIRA.

NOTE.—This poem was written by the author for the Spanish papers, and published in *La Prensa* of San Antonio, Texas, the leading Spanish newspaper in the United States, in the issue of March the 14th, 1915, under the following complimentary editorial:

"MUSA AMERICANA.

"Un antiguo suscriptor de *La Prensa*, norte-americano de nacionalidad, pero que gusta de cultivar el idioma de Cervantes, ha escrito, en español, los versos que publicamos a continuación y que le fueron inspirados por la lectura de un bello artículo de Amado Nervo, que apareció hace días en las columnas de este diario.

"La composición de que se trata puede tener defectos a los ojos de la crítica; pero nosotros estimamos que por tratarse de un extranjero, sincero admirador de nuestro idioma, el esfuerzo es muy meritorio y muy digno de estímulo y aplauso.

"He aquí la composición a que nos referimos:"

LA MENTIRA.

Oh Falsedad! Los que te aman creen
Que amarte constituye una ventura!
La Verdad es objeto de desdén
Cuando no es expresión de la hermosura.

Pari mí lo que es falso, pero bello
Halaga mis muy anhelos;
Una chispa de luz, que es un destello
De la enorme mentira de los cielos,
Es más grata a mi espíritu sensible
Que la Verdad desnuda e incognocible.

El disco nacarado de la luna,
El azul sin igual del firmamento,
Mentiras son: Amor, Placer, Fortuna,
Desengaño, Dolor y Sufrimiento,
No arrancarían acordes a la lira
Si no fueran trasuntos de Mentira.

Si no hubiera Mentira, si no hubiera
Esa ilusión que lo transforma todo,
El amor de los sexos no existiera,
Ni fuera dable combinar el modo
De dar al Arte la expresión que plugo
Al genio sin igual de Victor Hugo.

(Over.)

LA MENTIRA.—*Cont.*

Nada existe en la vida que no sea
Dulce ilusión del corazón humano;
Todo lo que sugiera alguna idea,
Todo lo que se esconde en el arcano,
Todo lo que fecunda y lo que crea
En el Cosmos del Genio soberano,
Es grosero y trivial, si no inspira
En la dulce ilusión de la Mentira.

ALLENHURST.

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.

The chums of proud Fred Grant had left for home,
And Fred was chasing a wild-turkey flock
Across a thickly brambled wood, when he,
Unwittingly, fell o'er a large cliff-rock.
Fair Leda Goodbin passing, in her car,
Along the road which ran near the cascade,
Was frightened by the young man's piteous groans,
And hastened to his side to give him aid.

The man, unconscious when she reached his side,
Was murm'ring wildly, as if in a dream;
The brave girl, equal to the arduous task,
Lifted and dragged him into her machine.
She took him to her home—her father's house,
Stood by his bedside—left him ne'er alone—
She nursed him back to consciousness and health,
Till he was well enough to be sent home.

Before he left he 'd gazed into her eyes,
And read a secret there, sacred, hoar-grown;
And she, responsive to the sacred law,
Had, likewise, read the heart that knew her own.
And though it was their first taste of true love,
And opportunities to speak but few,
Clandestinely purloined in "ma's" absence,
No words were necessary—*they both knew.*

(*Over.*).

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

For when the destined man and woman meet,
The secret needs no language to unfold,
Except that universal tongue all read—
That sacred, living language of the Soul.
Fate brings to us that boon, that First Love Dream,
Naught in this world so sweet has e'er been known,
Oh, how it thrills one's heart to *feel*, to *know*:
The heart one craves likewise longs for one's own!

Although it was not mentioned, he well knew,
When last he pressed her hand to go away,
Whatever might befall, if life remained,
He 'd come to claim her as his wife some day.
And she, likewise, was conscious of his love,
It thrilled her whole soul when she touched his
hand;
She knew that, whether he came back or not,
This world would hold, for her, no other man.

Vacation past, Fred was in school once more,
And working hard, "with all his might and main,"
That he might finish up his course that term,
And go to seek his "dear cliff-girl" again.
And, some weeks later, Leda, also, went
Away to college in another State;
(Her sister Dell was there when Fred got hurt,)
And this was Leda's year to graduate.

(*Over.*)

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

And those two lovers, though far, far apart,
Together dwelt in spirit night and day,
And Fancy's eye and Hope's sweet music held
Love's spirit-dream in glad, ecstatic sway.
He thought of her who 'd given back his life,
And with his life her love, the double gift;
Her thought dwelt on that bloodless face of him
Whom she found lying dead at the *big cliff!*

He did not know that Leda was in school,
But she was hustling to keep up with Fred;
While making her class-dress she vowed that she
Would wear it both to graduate and wed.

His college term closed first, he hurried back
To see his "Lita"—his diploma show;
He met her mother at the gate, who said:
"My daughter is quite sick—is very low."

Old Mrs. Goodbin had forgotten him,
Until he spoke of that cliff incident;
He was admitted, then, to see "the girl,"
Who was "unconscious now, and almost spent."
Oh, how it hurt him when he saw the change
In Leda (as he thought) in one short year!
How pitiable when that poor boy bent
To whisper love into her deadened ear!

Fate must have veiled her face for sheer remorse,
(For Fate must know the future and the past,)
When poor Dell answered him, unconsciously:
"My Knight! my Knight has come to me at last!"

(*Over.*)

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

And put her weak, emaciated arms
About that poor boy's stalwart, trembling frame,
And mumbled with her heavy, panting breath:
"My Knight! my Knight shall ne'er leave me
again!"

He volunteered to take the mother's place,
And help to rest her till the girl got well;
He said he never, in life, would forget
How they all treated him the time he fell.
He stood beside Dell's sick-bed day and night,
And courted her and nursed her back to life,
And made her promise that, when she got well,
She'd be his "own dear, precious, little wife."

As soon as she could walk about the floor,
He argued they should marry while 'twas cool;
She promised she would marry him "next week,"
Her "sister would be home, by then, from school."
And Leda came while Fred was gone to town,
As he came back he met her face to face;
She stood beside the gate, expectantly,
And seemed the only one about the place.

They stood and looked into each other's eyes—
How long? Oh! ask me not; Love knows not
Time.
It was a scene pathetic, sad, forlorn;
It was romantic—oh, it was sublime!
She cried aloud, she fell into his arms,
He pressed her to his heart without dismay;
And then, as if they'd just thought what they'd done,
He loosed her and she ran quickly away.

(*Over.*)

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

Fred sat in the pergola all alone
Until a very late hour in the night,
Was thinking, pond'ring it o'er, in his mind,
How he had gotten into such a plight.
He had an aunt Dell they called "Dellita,"
The "ita" meaning "little," "pretty," "well";
And he remembered that he'd thought of her
When Mrs. Goodbin called her daughter "Dell."

He'd thought, instead of saying "Dellita,"
They'd simply used the suffix to her name;
And thus he never had suspected but
That Dell and "Lita" (Leda) were the same.
Names of endearment, like this one, are used
In most our homes—he no attention paid;
He did not e'en suspect there were *two girls*,
Till after the engagement had been made!

Late in the night he went into his room,
He past by Leda's door—she had not slept;
He sat beside his bed for hours, alone—
In Contemplation's grasp the vigil kept.
'Twas nearly morning, and the moon was low,
He saw her standing at his door still dressed;
He kneeled, in reverence, there by her side,
And pressed his aching head against her breast.

(*Over.*)

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

She stroked his hair—gave him that tender touch
No other woman in this world can give;
They then arose and went out to the grounds.
She said: “ ’Tis June—how sweet it is to live!”
And then they walked among the flowers and talked.
He argued they must flee—flee far away;
That they had no more time to waste in talk,
’Twas now the time to *act*—’twas almost day.

(*She:*)

“We must not go—it will not, will not do;
’Twould kill poor Dell to have you leave her now.
She’s told me everything—*she* loves you too;
You must not go; oh, you must keep your vow!
Poor woman must delete that sad mistake—
Its penalty be paid—by her, by me.
Your promise binds you, whatsoe’er you would;
Oh, cruel, cruel Fate! ’tis her decree.”

(*He:*)

“It is not Fate’s decree, it is Mistake’s;
If it were Fate’s, I could not, would not shirk.
There is not one sole element of wrong,
(Mistake, by law, e’er vitiates its work.)
If either you or she must pay the debt,
Let her, sweetheart; she took the greater part.
I can not, shall not, dare not give you up,
You are my complement—your heart, my heart.”

(*Over.*)

POOR LEDA GOODBIN.—*Cont.*

(*She:*)

"But Dell loves me—has ever found me true;
Can I betray her now—she it condone?
Oh, it would taint our children's children's blood,
They 'd bear the curse a hundred years to come!"

(*He:*)

"Think not of Dell, you must first save yourself,
For Nature's law, in wisdom, made that plan;
You love me more than she, I you than her—
You were my own before the world began!
I loved her not, 'twas love for you through her—
Disease's cruel veil obscured my view;
Her body, the frail casket, I ignored,
It was the *soul* I sought—I thought 'twas you.
When she has known the depth of love you bear,
Her love will fly away—will set her free;
She 'll be our happy, care-free sister then,
She 'll recognize, she 'll bow to Fate's decree."

And thus he urged, and thus she him refused.
She said: "We must go in; 'tis almost day."
She kissed his tears away, and stroked his brow,
And said: "Good-bye, my love; good-bye for
aye!"

Poor Fred then went to bed, and morning came;
Her bed had not been touched, nor was she found.
That day they searched down in the river-bed—
Poor little, faithful Leda had been drowned!

THE HAGUE'S GREAT PEACE PALACE.

The Nations built their great Palladium of Peace
sublime,
Where all the nations of the earth might worship at
its shrine,
Where each might lay her panoplies of war on funer-
al's pyre,
And send them up as sweet incense, purged in its holy
fire;
Where arbitration of all claims and questions might be
made,
And nation nation meet and greet, the hand of War be
stayed;
All armaments be cast away, War's preparation cease,
And Heaven send her recompense of Universal Peace!

Vain hope. The law of *constant war*—warfare with-
out surcease,
Is older than Mount Sinai's law of universal peace;
It is the law by which Fate must Earth's progeny
transmit
Down through the ages of the world—"Survival of the
Fit"—
And though the river-bed of Meuse be filled with
blood, forsooth,
Ruthlessly poured out from the veins of Europe's
flower and youth,
Earth will replace each warrior slain with ten who are
as great,
'Tis the Requital; Evolution's Primal Law of Fate!

(*Over.*)

THE HAGUE'S GREAT PEACE PALACE.—*Cont.*

We may pervert the sacred books, false inferences
draw,
We do but mock God's wisdom when we tamper with
His law;
And though we may build palaces of peace in every
land,
We can not hold back—can not stay War's ruthless,
bloody hand;
For every stem and blade of grass, its rootlet, bud, and
flower,
And every bee, and bug, and worm, and man, and
corp'rate power,
From weak microbe, to great World-power, with all
its brain and brawn,
Is crowded to its limit—the Eternal War is on!

Had we the power to modify His unchangeable plan,
We 'd lose the Race, because of our solicitude for man;
Incentive and Endeavor, both, would perish in a day!
All Enterprise, Exertion cease, all Nations would
decay,
All fact'ries, mines, marts, shops, and offices would
close, and then
Would Hunger stalk abroad, to fill her maw with idle
men.

EPILOGUE.

Let's pray for vitalizing war, (let peace enthusiasts
rave,)
When Greed and Exploitation cease, man seeks his
Primal Cave!

OLD HUERTA 'S GOT TO GO.

We have a sister, neighbor,
Now in war's bloody throe;
All industry—all labor
Has ceased there long-a-go,
The country's homes are blighted,
The people are affrighted;
Oh! would the wrong be righted
If we took Mexico?

Some say: "Let 's send our soldier,
Let 's let the 'khakis' go;
They 're anxious, now, to shoulder
Arms for the foreign foe—
Let 's let them go and fight 'er,
Let 's send the fire to blight 'er;
They can not hope to right 'er,
Let 's invade Mexico."

"The country 's rich as 'Cræsus,'
Above ground and below,
Too much gold there for 'greasers,'
It suits the brave 'gringo'—
Now is the time to jump 'er,
Let 's trump 'er, plump 'er, bump 'er,
Let 's glide down there and thump 'er,
Let 's scoop Old Mexico."

(*Over.*)

OLD HUERTA 'S GOT TO GO.—*Cont.*

But *we* say send Carranza—

(*We* are: I and Woodrow,)

And Villa, they 'll get Huerta

And yank him out, you know—

Let 's let them go and punch 'im,

They 'll hunch 'im, munch 'im, crunch 'im ;

Oh, how they long to scrunch 'im !

Old Huerta knows it 's so.

The "A. B. C. Alliance"

We fear will be no go,

Because of his defiance

The *Right* can have no show—

Let 's let Carranza bat 'im,

Let 's let old Villa at 'im ;

They 're waiting now to spat 'im,

Let 's let 'em go, Woodrow.

He has not yet saluted

Our flag, when we said so ;

But that need not be mooted,

'Tis *Peace* we want, you know—

Let 's send Villa to snap 'im—

He 'll tap 'im, flap 'im, sap 'im,

He 's not afraid to scrap 'im,

Old Huerta 's got too slow.

(*Over.*)

OLD HUERTA 'S GOT TO GO.—*Cont.*

We 're Mexico's "big brother,"
We want to see her grow ;
She must not dance another,
With Huerta, in tango—
We 've now let Fletcher flout 'im,
Let 's clout 'im, rout 'im, scout 'im,
Let 's whip the stuffin' out 'im ;
Old Huerta 's got to go !

FLOWER SEEDS.

I kissed you once—flower seeds were sown
In my heart's garden-plot ;
I whispered love to you, my own—
Ah ! have you, yet, forgot
What myriads of flowers *there* grew,
Tended with thoughts only of you?

Is there not grown in thy heart's-plot,
For me, one *wee Forget-me-not?*

MY VISION.

(As seen by Allenhurst.)

I looked and saw afloat upon the surface of the sea
Of human fate, and human hope, and human destiny,
The silhouette of one who stood, tall as the bending
sky,

A woman, nude, too beautiful, too fair for human eye.
The nations of the earth rushed madly after her the
while,

Enamored of her beauty, poise, her dignity and smile;
She was bedecked with ornaments, diamonds and rubies rare,

Her name: "Commercialism," on a jewel in her hair.
She had a look of greed, exploit, her breath was like
the gall,

She showed herself the courtesan, and flirted with
them all.

She had three clutching, bony hands, and three gigantic
arms,

She poisoned every Nation, every victim of her charms.
She carried three huge flaming torches, each enormous
size,

And threw their glaring lights athwart the low'ring,
Stygian skies.

(Over.)

MY VISION.—*Cont.*

The torches were "corruptions," and she held one in
each hand,
And waved them, like enchantment wands, o'er every
sea and land.
The first torch was designed to clutch and poison
Patriotism;
The second torch to do its work through crass
Fanaticism;
The bane for Law and Statesmanship, the last torch
she unfurled—
"By base *corruption*, with these three, she'd purify
the world."

The First Torch.

The waving of her first torch was the signal for on-
slaught,
And no such war has ever been, such battles ever
fought;
The Allied nations, and Entente, drew help from every
clime,
It was the *last war* to be fought, the bloodiest of all
time!
Such brutal carnage ne'er was known—ne'er since the
world began—
And human blood all o'er the face of stricken Europe
ran.
Then from the north a new—a *peace* Napoleon appears,
He comes of Anglo-Saxon blood, he's old, though
young in years.

(*Over.*)

MY VISION.—*Cont.*

The Second Torch.

Hypocrisy and Bigotry the second torch flame bore,
And sowed the seeds Fanaticism, Falsity, galore;
Enkindled in the minds of man, from cradle to the
grave,
False ideas, false ethics; and humanity enslaved.
The Church was broken down—destroyed, Morality
declined;
And then arose that great Mongolian Slav who was
designed
To clear Monotheistic relics from the world, and lay
The corner-stone of Pantheism's temple, in his day.
Then God, the Soul, the Spirit and all Immortality
Were molten in the furnace to begin the New Era!

The Third Torch.

And then was thrown aloft the flame, the third torch
was deployed,
The Moral and Art standards and the Family Ties
destroyed.
Then comes from Latin ranks the destined hero *en*
hauté—
"Commercialism" yields her place to Symbolism's
sway.

(*Over.*)

MY VISION.—*Cont.*

Sex Partnership Prosaic and Degenerated Art
No more will sway the nations of the Earth, they've
 played their part—
The world is purged and given a new life, forth from
 this day,
Polygamy, Monogamy become Poet-ogamy.
Commercialism's reign is o'er, the world is purged of
 sins,
There's *Universal Peace*, and the New History begins.

Sequitur.

The old world's kindoms and empires depleted and
 destroyed,
"UNITED NATIONS OF THE WORLD," the new-coined
 name employed—
And all the world becomes *One Power* with *four giants*
 in control,
And these four giants are: Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Slav,
 Mongol.

HAZARDLETS.

Little steam-puff cloudlets
Linger 'bout the sky,
Sky-fields white with daisies,
Blooming heaven high,
You aride in star's gold car,
Like other stars that motor far
'Mong blooms heaven-nigh.

Hazardous for star-prince,
If he linger nigh,
Cupid dart may pierce him,
Shot from hazel eye;
Star-prince, then, of sky and air,
Be wounded by fairest of fair—
Wounded, crushed like I!

DISCIPLES OF SOMNUS.

Lowly shrubs with tousled heads,
Twinkling stars with sleepy eyes,
Swaying, swinging lullabys,
Droning, drowsy, slug-a-beds.

MODEST WORTH.

I do not wish to mount and soar
On eagle's wings
Beyond the purview of my cabin door,
Nor rise above the common, honest poor,
To wake the strings
Vibrating proud Ambition's roar
'Bove earthly things!

I would be human, like the rest,
And make my song
A chorus to that kinship in my breast,
That it might make, at Modest Worth's behest,
In that great throng,
The weak, and tempted, and oppressed
Stand firm and strong!

Oh, may Ambition on me *frown*
And furl his scroll!
I ask no greater wealth, nor more renown,
Than that the meed of friendship may abound,
And me enfold;
And should I have this laurel crown,
'Twere wealth untold!

THE PRESS.

I am the Printing Press of Mother Earth,
With heart of steel, iron-limbed, and hands of brass;
I sing the world's song, its historic past,
 And symphonies of Time, back to Time's birth;
 I plead the cause of master and of serf,
I herald the to-morrow, voice to-day,
And speak to lands and cities far away.

I weave the woof of future, warp of past,
I tell the tale, alike, of peace and war,
I stir the pulse of nation near and far,
 And make the hero fight and die at last.
 I satisfy the toiler to his class,
Inspire, alike, the peasant and the pope
With consolation and eternal hope!

I make the human heart with passion beat;
A myriad people listen when I speak,
And Latin, Hun, and Celt, and Slav, and Greek,
 All know my language—all my words repeat,
 And all my information gladly greet;
I cry their joys and sorrows every hour,
And give the world its knowledge and its power!

(Over.)

THE PRESS.—*Cont.*

I am the tireless clarion of news,
I fill the dullard's mind with brightening thought,
Man's conquest over matter I have wrought,
His mind of ignorance I disabuse;
I record man's achievements, them diffuse
Throughout the world wherever they are sought,
And leave man uninformed and dull in naught.

My offspring come to you where'er you be,
In crepuscule, at eventide, at night,
By incandescent glow, or candlelight—
To squalid huts of pinching poverty,
Or gilded palaces of luxury.
I am the tears and laughter—world's delight,
I am the Printing Press, the Beacon Light!

SOME CONSOLATION.

All Europe 's in war's bloody toils,
Newspapers full of "dope"—
The poor are sorely cramped for aught to eat;
The wolf is at my door, almost,
I scarcely have a hope—
But the children
Call me "Fatty"
Down the street.

I rack my brains to figure out
The mystery, the plan—
The problems God hath set for man to meet;
I delve in lore abstruse—complex,
I do the best I can—
When the children
Call me "Fatty"
Down the street.

There 's something in this wicked world
To compensate sorrow—
For every Woe there is a Weal, complete;
But I, of all poor mortals here,
Have fared the best, you know—
For the children
Call me "Fatty"
Down the street.

Oh! let the War-dogs bark and roar
In Europe, Mexico—
Let Hunger stalk abroad, her victims greet;
I still have bread and water, and
Our Country has no foe—
And the children
Call me "Fatty"
Down the street.

MY CREED.

To pay my country due respect,
Like my profession and myself;
My honesty to ne'er neglect;
Nor sell my fellow-man for pelf;

Give honest effort for success;
In my own proposition b'lieve;
My mistakes cheerfully confess;
My neighbor, in no way, deceive;

To save my means, as well as earn;
Be optimistic, never knock;
To plan to do a friendly turn;
Meet promise, punct'al as the clock;

Guard health of body, peace of mind;
Mix brains with effort; system use;
With friend and foe be firm, but kind;
To waste not time, nor life abuse;

My business study, in detail;
Cut out amusements expensive;
Enjoy life's good things; never fail
To play the game of "live-let-live";

'Gainst my own weakness make *the* fight;
Be court'ous, faithful, a Christian;
A fragrance in the path of right;
And, last and best, to be a *man*!

A "CABBY'S" TRIBUTE.

An unsophisticated country girl
Alighted from the train,
And "Cabby" saw—
The city was a clam'rous, muddled whirl
To her untutored brain,
For she was *raw*.

A "friend" had told her two places to stop:
One proved a vacant lot,
And "Cabby" smiled;
The other address was a barber shop
And foreign "polyglot,"
Somewhat defiled.

He passed both places, *unannounced*, for the
Y—— W—— C—— A——,
And place her there,
Where she 'mong helpful, loving friends might be.
Ah, there are, still, this day,
Some *men four-square!*

MORTALITY'S RESPONSE.

(*Job xiv. 14.*)

And "If a man die, shall he live again?"
This query comes down through the centuries,
Ubiquitous, and rife with mysteries;
Echo resounds the query for refrain,
Unheeded, still, of Desolation's cries!
No gleam, no spark, no finger-point of Fate
Has pierced the depths of that lugubrious gloom,
Its subterranean vaults to penetrate,
And cleave the veil of that dread Potentate!
Death is the final principle, the king,
So silently caparisoned in state,
Who rides upon his fleet, sequacious wing,
And gives no issue from his prurient womb
Nor sends back answer from the cold, dark tomb!

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE.

The Fates gave me a small box made of lime,
Filled with a substance viscid, glutinous,
And promised to transmute, from that viscous,
At length, a fine gold watch to keep the time.
They bade me guard the little gift of mine,
And keep it warm, but not too hot, nor cold;
And this I did a few days, and behold,
A gold chronometer superb, sublime!

The transformation was a great surprise:
That from that viscous in the little case,
That air-tight, oval box so commonplace,
Was *hocus-pocussed*, right before my eyes,
A costly, precious jewel—valued prize,
With mainspring, hairspring, lever, dial, hands,
Escapement—everything a watch commands—
A *watch* with no defect to criticise!

And stranger still—more wonderful to me,
The fact that every wheel, and slot, and chase,
And jewel, screw, and rivet was in place,
And all fit with such exact nicety,
And helped to keep the time so correctly,
That many came from far and unknown lands
To hear the watch tick—hold it in their hands,
And see how such a mystery could be!

(*Over.*)

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE.—*Cont.*

Well, children, it dumbfounded every man ;
 In fact, 'twas not a real watch at all,
 But a more intricate machine withal.
Not all the jewelers in all the land
Could make one by machinery, nor by hand ;
 Its fragile mechanism was so nice
 Man could not make such thing at any price,
It was so perfect, wonderful, and grand !

Instead of crystal, face, hand, lever, chain,
 It had rich plumes and down, backbone, mouth,
 claw,
 Bone, muscle, blood, beak, skull, heart, liver, craw,
Lung, tissue, vocal cord, artery, vein ;
It had a head, and in the head a brain,
 It had eyes, ears, feet, spurs, comb, neck, tail, leg ;
 It had within, likewise, an unlaidd egg—
It lives, breathes, walks, sings, flies, and works amain.

Each little bone of leg, and wing, and spine
 Is polished like the ivory so smooth,
 And each articulation and each groove,
So ground and fashioned—work so superfine,
Harmonious in measurement and line,
 And knit with correlated, skillful plan,
 So far beyond the workmanship of man
It surely is a handiwork Divine !

(*Over.*)

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE.—*Cont.*

Its dainty form, in its upholstering,
 Enveloped in soft down of beauteous tints
 Like variegated, decorated chintz,
And plumage from Dame Nature's fashioning,
Makes a symmetrical, exquisite thing.
 A thing of rhythmic, charming, anthine grace
 Touched with the brush to rainbow-artist's taste—
She mounts, and soars, and rides upon her wing!

So 'twas a *bird*, and not a *watch*, you see,
 A being far too wonderful for man,
 More intricate than he can even plan!
How happy—thankful, children, we should be
The fairies brought that lime-shell box to me,
 That little egg so simple, commonplace,
 To teach us children, and the human race,
That *Life* is this world's *greatest mystery!*

THE SECRET.

The "hobble" skirt has had its day,
 "They Say" skirts will be wider;
Slim ankles may
Be tucked, "They Say,"
 Inside—er.

Next week, or month, "They Say" may see
 A poodle-dog beside her;
She may decree
That ankles be
 Worn wide—er.

Who is "They Say"? I searched Tazewell,
 And went to Paris later;
I found the belle,
Fair Mad-moi-zell
 Dick Tate—er,

And she told me the secret—plain;
 And, if I ne'er mistook her,
She said: "It can
"Be n' other than
 Man's Look—er."

JAKE BROUGHT IN THE NEWS.

"Good morning, Jake. How 's all at Summerfield?"

I 'm purty well, I thank you, 'cept my crick;
My neck got stiff a-settin' up last night
At ole man Goodbin's house. He 's mighty sick;

We thought he 'd die last night, he 's awful low;
The neighbors all come in and set all night;
He worried through and, somehow, was not dead
When I left there some time about daylight.

'Long in the night the ole man talked a sight,
"Twas mostly good advice to his young wife,
(Bell used to be a little wild, you know;)
He tole her 'bout the pitfalls in this life.

Bell took it hard, she shore *embraced* him *some*,
We-all got scared, 'feared she go in a trance.
Ma 'lowed: "She 's fondlin' the ole man too much."
But Dock Grice said: "Aw poot! on with the
dance."

The ole man tole her he had made his will,
By which his farms and all his wealth she 'd take;
He 'd fixed it all, and now, before he died,
He had of her one last request to make:

(*Over.*)

JAKE BROUGHT IN THE NEWS.—*Cont.*

He said he 'd always kep' it to his-self,
But he was jealous of her and Guss Grimm,
And that he never would die satisfied
Without she 'd promise not to marry him.

She was so overcome she could not talk;
But Gran'ma Arnold chafed her han's and breas'
Until she seemed to get her breath enough
To answer the ole dyin' man's reques'.

She said (among her sobs) that she was glad
That she could pacify the ole man's whim;
That though Guss wanted her so awful bad,
She positively *could not* marry him;

She knowed they 'd handled talk 'bout her and Guss—
Folks, not a thousand miles off, had things *staged*;
But she 'd an ole flame down near Silverton,
And him and her, ALREADY, WAS INGAGED!

MY LIFE SYMPHONY.

(A paraphrase on "My Symphony," a prose composition, by Wm. Henry Channing; Copyrighted by M. T. Sheahan, Boston.)

To live content with but small means,
 Seek elegance, not luxury;
Not fashion's empty, nascent dreams,
 Refinement rather, let it be;

Be worthy, not respectable;
 To be not rich, nor covet wealth;
Think true; do right; act frankly—well;
 Talk gently; study; guard my health;

Await occasion, though 'tis hard;
 Bear bravely, cheerfully, my part;
Give heed to star, bird, baby, bard,
 And sage alike, with open heart;

To hurry not, but grow apace,
 Unbidden and unconsciously,
The Spir'tual through the Commonplace;
 This is my Creed and Symphony.

JOE'S GOT THE BIGGEST AUT IN TOWN.

Joe used to be a puncher on
The cow-ranch, "Swipe & Hyde,"
And packed his guns, and chewed, and cussed,
And played some on the side;
He's quit the most of them things now,
And to them sca'ce refers;
But one thing pore Joe can't give up—
He still wears both his spurs!

CHORUS.

Joe's got the biggest aut in town,
And I know how to ride;
There's wheels in wheels, they all turn round,
And some turn on the side.

Joe's got a big red 40-hoss—
I think she's number eight;
You ought to see her spin and whirl,
And hear her carburate;
I've been Joe's girl now several weeks,
Ev'r sence "Old Red" was bought;
And Joe's no mind for nothin' now,
'Cept me and his big aut.

When we get out of town a bit,
Joe pulls the throttle ope,
We leave the earth, I hang to Joe,
He is my "last white hope";
We run down everything alive,
Deer, wolves, and such light *dope*;
Last week we smashed six buffalo
And fourteen cantelope!

(Rooseveltian.)

(Over.)

JOE'S GOT THE BIGGEST AUT IN TOWN.—

Cont.

Way out, clost Joe's big pasture, there 's
A piece of road that 's straight
And level for a hundred mile,
Without a fence or gate;
And when we get away out there,
Joe speeds her down to "slow,"
And makes me hold the steerin'-wheel,
And he puts on the show!

He starts the orchestra to go,
He puts on a new reel,
He starts the "movies" up, you know,
And says: "Just let 'er *spiel*."
And then—O me! O my! O gee!
The "movies"—yum, yum, yum!
I plays with his—plays with his spurs,
And lets him—chew my gum!

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

(Written on reading an editorial on "Youth" in the
Daily Panhandle.)

Who knows, indeed—yea, who can tell
In what fair, distant land may dwell
Youth's spirit, when it bids farewell
And takes its flight—
To dwell in that ineffable,
Eleusine night?

Takes its reluctant, farewell flight
From field of wistful eye's delight,
We know not, nor can guess aright,
To what fair plain—
And makes its sojourn infinite,
Nor comes again.

But this we know : there goes from us
Forever that mysterious,
Glad, sparkling life-wine stimulus,
That fine bouquet—
And leaves life but an incubus,
Soon to decay.

Though Youth is callow, at its best,
Unstable, foolish ; yet the rest
Of life, without its buoyant zest,
Is weak forsooth—
Compared with that, quaintly expressed :
"Moonshine of Youth."

(*Over.*)

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.—*Cont.*

Fame, fortune, honors, power, place—
Like all those flaming goals we chase,
Though they inebriate our race—
 The human (brute) ;
Compared with Youth's alluring face
 Are Dead Sea fruit.

If Youth could know ! could tell the tale,
Its hidden mysteries unveil ;
"Ere moon grows cold, and sun goes pale,"
 Could know its fate !
But Youth knows not of life's entail
 Till 'tis too late.

Youth is a flower, in bud and bloom,
Which, *but in blooming*, hath perfume ;
To know how rare and sweet that boon—
 Fair gift from God—
Life *must* become (and *does* too soon)
 A rattling pod!

DON'T CHER KNOW.

Colombia is fixed,
Don't cher know,
But aren't we somewhat mixed—
Eh, Woodrow?
If Pauncefote should kick
(Like Huerta), throw a brick,
Or Panama get sick,
'Spose it would play "Old Nick"
With the show?

Should her ships go through free,
Don't cher know,
Old England mayn't agree—
Eh, Woodrow?
Will other nations be,
Somewhat like Champ and me,
Or will *they want* it free—
(What of the Hague "tree-tee"?)
What's the show?

Twenty-five million "bucks"—
Thus they go.
Is money cheap as shucks?
It seems so.
When we have "counted ducks,"
Have raked o'er all the mucks,
Have pressed out all the tucks,
I'm 'fraid *we're "off the trucks,"*
Don't cher know.

I AM SO GLAD I TRUST IN HIM.

I am so glad—
I am so glad that I can work and play,
And love, and serve, and worship, think, and pray
With thankful heart for duty done each day—
I am so glad!

I am content—
I am content if I some recompense
Can make for these; and rest, without offense,
Within the bosom of His confidence—
I am content!

I trust in Him—
I trust in Him as my alternative,
To whom my soul and life I gladly give.
He gave me *more*—He died that I might live!
I trust in Him!

OUR CHURCH PROGRAMME.

My home church prints these words in its programme :

I shall not worry, shall not be afraid ;
I shall seek out the poor where'er I am,
And give them aid ;

I shall be courteous, humane, discreet ;
In judgment on my fellows I 'll be mild ;
I shall be kind to every one I meet,
Man, woman, child ;

I shall be cheerful, faithful, honest, true ;
I 'll trust in God, the future bravely face ;
And that I may these pledges keep, and do,
Lord give me grace ;

I shall not envy ; yield to anger, strife ;
I shall refrain from hatred, jealousy. -
Lord, make these lines the ægis of my life—
My Pledge to Thee !

WE DON'T SPEAK.

She's fair and beautiful and gay,
The rarest, sweetest flower;
Her tragic mien—oh, what a sight to see!
A model whom men crave to view,
Fresh from her perfumed bower;
And she's clever,
But she never
Speaks to me.

Men quit their stores to see her pass,
She shows her class, she's *chic*;
Her Cleopatric pose, hauteur—O gee!
She has one fault (I hate to tell),
Her skirt's too long, too thick;
(And I'd never,)
If she'd ever
Speak to me.

Dame Nature holds no prize sublime
Like her; she grips my heart!
Oh, what a fair, proud queen she'd ever be!
If she, from me, would take some hints
On clothes I could impart,
And would *ever*,
(Failing never,)
Speak to me.

I gave a girl points, once, on clothes,
Next week she married swell;
She scooped ten thousand plunks al-ee-mo-nee!
I might put some of you, girls, next,
But her you must not tell,
For she'd never,
Never, never,
Speak to me.

TENDER WOMAN'S POWER.

How true 'tis woman holds man's every fate,
To shape it as the potter shapes the clay,
And make his life what she would have it be.
No depths too low, nor is it e'er too late,
For her to reach her hand, snatch him away,
And make or mar his final destiny.

'Tis likewise true that woman is a vase
As fragile as the floating bubble-shell—
A pitcher which, though none may be more
fair,
Is doomed to break—to shatter in disgrace,
If it go once too often to the well;
Nor she nor all the world may it repair!

SHELLEYAN CRONYNS.

Enchanting—appalling,
The forest loudly calling,
And the horizon is golden
And the silver stars are falling,
Falling from the cold gray sky.
And the red blood's throbs embolden,
And the night owl's lonely weeping,
And the day-dreams slowly creeping
Where the deepening shadows lie.
And the harvest moon is swollen
With the sunlight she has stolen
From the blazing sun, and he is red.
Come ye now with entwined head,
Come ye now
With laurel wreathed on your sage brow.

COMPENSATORY.

I did not feel like smiling, I was sad,
The world awry—
Customers shy—
My business all seemed going to the bad;
Rich uncle would not die.

Bankruptcy seemed to stare me in the face,
Report was rife
I'd quit my wife—
My moth'r-in-law moved over to our place,
And she insured my life!

Resigned, all day, I laughed and romped, in play
With ma, wife, child,
In raptures wild—
And this old, funny world turned 'round, next day,
And *winked* at me, and *smiled*!

THE LOVER'S RECOMPENSE.

Both Hate and Anger may, in words, or blows,
Discharge themselves on foe, or even guest ;
With gain, old Greed's rapacity compose ;
And Sorrow may, in tears, find sweet repose ;
But that sweet passion Love hath no redress.

True love alone its Amoret will keep
To that which flusters his design and dream,
And makes him grieve, lament, and sigh, and weep,
And tremble, fawn, and crouch, and cringe, and
creep—
More worthy of disdain than of esteem.

And woman, who is born to be controlled,
Will worship those who haughty spirits boast,
Affect the loud, and gay, and proud, and bold,
And to the gallant, care-free lover hold ;
While she disdains the man who loves her most !

MORTALITY;
OR,
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Death is the final principle of life,
The end of all;
The culmination and the doleful pall
Whose dread, unerring strokes are ever rife.
He garners what his scythe lets fall,
And needs no gleaner in his wake;
No straws, astray,
Are left for Ruth to bear away.
Nor king nor potentate may make
One moment of delay.

Nor may the gold of Ophir or Peru
Respite, relieve;
Or purchase amnesty, or Death deceive;
Nor lease of life repurchase or renew;
Nor man from his dread clutch relieve.
Naught in the great Dispensary
May Death withhold,
Nor hinder, counteract, control
The flight of that swift mystery—
That thing we call the Soul.

Yea, man who makes the very elements
Obey his will,
Subserve his pleasures, and his coffers fill;
Himself to Death must yield obedience,
And that ferine mandate fulfill.
Though, from the grossest ignorance,
He's hewn his way
Up to this crowning century,
Yet he must cringe in obeisance
To that dread Mystery!

(Over.)

MORTALITY.—*Cont.*

Grim dissolution knows no favorite;
The cowering slave,
The belted knight, the crim'nal, and the knave,
The squalid beggar, in his rags bedight,
Whose only welcome is the grave;
From mart, and shop, and forge, and loom—
No dearth nor lack—
All privies to that great compact;
All, all are drifting to the tomb,
And *none* will e'er come back!

But, looking far beyond the flocks of stars,
I see a light,
More brilliant, yea, than silv'ry satellite,
And grander far than Jupiter or Mars,
Which shines beyond the Skeptic's night
For man's redemption, him to save,
His Diadem!
'Twill this mortality o'erwhelm,
'Twill conquer Death, Hell, and the grave—
The Star of Bethlehem!

THEY 'RE AFTER US.

The sisters whom you and I woo, Fame and Fortune,
Are flirting with us every day of our lives;
In thousands of ways they show *us* that misfortune
Awaits those who fail to get *them* for their wives.

They sing like the Sirens, they beckon us onward;
They use every effort to "bring us around";
They tell us life's path hath no steps leading down-
ward;
To retrograde one must "jump off" or "fall down."

They say that each one hath within latent power
Enough to put on the "high," "let her run full";
That old Opportunity's plucked like a flower,
And "pep," "push," and "pluck" will beat "pap,"
"pax," and "pull."

MY PARAPHRASE.

(Of Victor Hugo's "Easter Hope.")

Within myself a feeling rife,
A consciousness of future life
 Pervades my soul ; and I am like a forest, once cut
 down ;
The new shoots sprung afresh, once more,
Are stronger, liv'lier than before,
 And I receive new sap from air, and sunshine,
 rain, and ground.

I know I 'm rising toward the sky,
The sunshine beckons me on high,
 And Heaven, with reflection of unknown worlds,
 lights my way ;
You tell me that the soul is naught
But fruits of bod'ly power, inwrought—
 Then why is my soul still more bright, and lumin-
 ous each day ?

Why then, when bod'ly powers fail,
My head wears winter's silvery veil
 And youth no more within my sinking frame is
 lingering,
Why breathe I such perfume, forsooth,
From lilacs, violets of youth,
 Why in my heart that fragrance still, that bright,
 eternal spring ?

(Over.)

MY PARAPHRASE.—*Cont.*

The nearer I approach my bier,
The plainer, clearer still I hear
 Around me and about me that immortal symphony
Of beckoning worlds' inviting strains—
How simple, yet how passing strange—
 It is a fairy tale, and yet a living history!

For half a century my thought,
In prose and poetry I've wrought;
 In history, romance, tradition, ode, philosophy;
In drama, satire, song; in all—
I've answered to the Muses' call;
 Yet still I feel I have not said a thousandth part
 in me!

And as I go down to the tomb
My life's not finished; I'll resume
 Next morning my day's work, which shall go on,
 and on, and on—
The tomb's no alley of despair,
'Tis a broad, open thoroughfare,
 It closes on the twilight, but it opens with the
 dawn!

THE LAST CHANCE.

(*Unspeakable.*)

The deep and quiet ocean lay
At rest, the storm had past;
The white-winged *Argo* from the bay,
Dismantled of her mast;
Her rigging long since blown away,
Her deck in ruin and decay,
She drifted, chartless, day by day —
Until at last —

Starvation's spectral Demon came
And claimed some souls each day,
Till but Medea and Colchaine
Were left to *wait* and pray!
Then, that *SHE* might her life maintain,
And one more chance for rescue gain,
He gave *his* body to the flame!
Her death's *delay!*

MAN THE MOTH.

A moth, upon my window-pane
One summer night,
Beat out its fragile, foolish life in vain,
And died from sheer, exhausting overstrain,
In sorry plight—
Self-murdered rather than remain
Out from the light !

And man fights as persistently
'Gainst Fate's redoubt !
The blaze of lucent glory charms his eye
With goals that beckon him to do, or die—
And there's no doubt
But Man's a type of *candle-fly*,
And *won't stay* out !

LOVE'S REQUITAL.

Dear Heart:—

If you loved me as I love you
 'Twould translate, to this earth, the joys above,
And make it an Elys'an rendezvous,
 An Eden, crowned with happiness and love;
No realms would be so beautiful and fair,
 The Universe, attuned in harmony,
Would catch the spirit of the leading air
 In playing Life's concinnous melody;
The sun would then dispense serener light,
 His streaming sunbeams would become pure gold,
The glimm'ring sheen from Luna's sybarite
 Be nifti'r lure, for lovers, than of old;
Man's greed and tyranny would cease—elide,
 His ardent wishes clothe in softer hues,
His "sword and scepter, pageantry and pride"
 No more his brother outrage and abuse;
The "Brotherhood of Man," Utopia's dream,
 Would come to soothe and sweeten all our cares,
Humanity would stand secure—supreme,
 Beyond the reach of Satan's artful snares;

(Over.)

LOVE'S REQUITAL.—*Cont.*

And universal love would have her sway,
No labor—man's refection given free—
All life would be a golden holiday,
A glad, romantic, sweet concinnity;
The sage's precept and the poet's song,
Then woven into music, would begin
To modify the harshness of the throng
Like plaintive, silver notes of violin,
And saints and angels would take up the strain,
And all the worlds glad acclamation give,
And Heav'n and Earth would sing the glad refrain:
"Love's manumission of all things that live";
And bird, bee, beast, and insect, foetus, flower,
Would catch the strain wherever they might be
And, like a long-pent river in its power,
Would burst the bounds and sweep on to the sea;
And in that SEA OF LOVE, there everything
Its friendship and alleg'ance would renew
To that great potentate—Erosian king—
If you loved me as I love you!

ANDROMEDA'S SACRIFICE.

In the long, long years ago,
Where the tall palmettos grow,
Grew a maiden, fairer than the poet's dream;
Dowered lavishly with health,
And the luxuries of wealth,
As her social life and station would beseem.

But she closed the flower-hung gate,
Opening to power and state,
Closed the manuscript of luxury complete;
Put the silver tissue down,
For the Sacred Order's gown,
Laid her wealth down at our Lady Sorrow's feet.

Yet the cold world did not feel.
When the pitiless, sharp steel
Swept the silken hair from that fair, thoughtful brow;
Nor did reverential boast,
Sweep from lake to ocean's coast,
When she donned the Black Veil—took the Sacred
Vow.

Nought but chant in whispered breath—
Requiem of maiden's death!
'Twas a silence deep, profound as dolent night;
A surrender of the dead,
A new nun had raised her head
'Mong the galaxy of stars, a satellite!

(Over.)

ANDROMEDA'S SACRIFICE.—*Cont.*

She had known naught of world's strife,
Nor the bitterness of life,
Royalty had showered roses at her feet;
Birds had sung their joyous lays,
Mingled with the voice of praise,
A delirium of music, her to greet.

Young and tender as a vine,
Veins athrill with Nature's wine,
Life had opened wondrous visions to her eyes;
A wide vista of delights,
Peopled with fair nymphs and sprites
And light fancies like Titania's butterflies.

Love's young fairy-tale, so droll,
Had been whispered to her soul,
Hope had nestled his winged god 'gainst her white
breast;
'Mong her visions volupt'ous
Were sweet dreams of Perseus,
Love's pomegranate to her warm lips had been pressed.

But beyond her dream-child's eyes,
Was her call for sacrifice;
Through the vibratory sweetness of bird's song
Came the low wail of the lost
Woman, shamed, adrift, sin-tossed,
Sisters steeped in crime as victims of man's wrong!

(*Over.*)

ANDROMEDA'S SACRIFICE.—Cont.

Then from visions—day-dreams bright,
Turned now to Eternal Night,
Dark as souls that cower naked on the thorns,
That girl-woman comes to bless
Fallen woman, her caress—
Win her back from that dark valley of life's storms.

From the warmth of Love's soft kiss,
From the home of peaceful bliss,
From the Pleasure Gardens of her girlish haunts;
Turned she to the plain-wall room—
Silence of the sacred tomb,
And surrendered life to others' needs and wants!

Her heart-hunger starved and bruised,
Her sex-mission-ship abused,
She that bitter cup of gall patiently sips;
By the metal cross crushed back
In her breast that pain, that lack—
That deep yearning for the touch of baby lips;

Her girl-life crushed, crucified,
On the cross she deified,
For the sins of woman whom man had betrayed;
In poor, fallen woman's shame,
Buried she her youth and name—
'Twas the sacrifice Andromeda had made!

SHORT-CHANGED.

Whenever I make
A willful mistake,
I know I shall rue it—and *should*;
I barter for pelf,
And short-change *myself*,
Whenever I fail to make good!

My life 's not my own,
'Tis merely a loan;
I own not my next breath of air;
How *petty* to cheat—
To practice deceit—
How '*shamed* I am, when I 'm not square!

I 'd rather be right
Throughout the whole fight,
And let the world wag as it can,
Than own the whole *range*,
And be a "Short-Change,"
And *know* that I *can't be a man!*

I may make a bluff,
Pretend I 'm "the stuff"
And living the life that I should;
The fact still remains,
Myself I short-change
Whenever I fail to make good!

Then take it from me,
Whoe'er you may be,
You 'd better maintain your manhood!
It 's off like an elf—
You 've short-changed *yourself*
Whenever you fail to make good!

OUR TRYST.

When snows and blizzards pass away,
And tender Spring
Begins to sing,
To her sweet flowers, her melody,

I think of one with whom I roved
'Mong shady bowers,
And tender flowers,
In that deep forest she so loved.

One day we found a cozy nook
'Mong scandent vines
And columbines—
A mossy seat beside a brook.

She wept that day I went away;
Then, comforted,
She smiled and said:
"Let's go back to our nook some day."

Oh, cruel Death's sad, heartless reign!
How could we know
That she must go
Ere I beheld her face again?

The flowers are dead; the birds have flown
Far from our nook
Beside the brook—
How can I go back there alone!

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis said that Love, 'mong all the human passions,
Holds in her hand and wields the greatest sway;
And that, when she her fabric weaves and fashions,
'Twill wear for aye.

'Tis true that while rich splendors may surround us,
Love's tendrils may cling closer to our breast;
But when afflictions and turmoils seem boundless,
Then comes the test!

Love is a tender plant of cultivation,
Which must be often warmed with patient care;
It lacks solidity and deep foundation,
It *may* not wear.

But when Earth's cold calamities betide us,
And Sorrow's pangs give no surcease, nor rest;
We know a sweet refuge where we may hide us,
'Tis Friendship's breast!

Earth has no gift that she might better lavish
Upon mankind, that will his life equip,
And strengthen him 'gainst temptations that ravish,
Than true friendship!

LOVE'S BIRTHDAY.

She raised her eyes, their glances met—
Oh! what was in her look?
There was not much, and yet—and yet—
It was no open book!

A glance from soul which knew not self;
A look, a gleam, that's all—
But woe to him on whom that *elf*,
That maiden look may fall!

There is a day when every maid
Looks at a man this way;
When Innocence, passion-arrayed,
Has come into its day;

A reverie, a purity,
A candor 'thout disguise;
She, looking through futurity,
With virgin's surcharged eyes;

A *woman's* look through *virgin's* eyes,
A message from above;
To *her* a secret, a surprise,
In *her* the birth of Love!

FLYING THOUGHTS.

Once, on a time, I thought a golden thought,
And, in my mind, I weighed it, as I ought,
And then I tossed it carelessly away,
Quite heedless that, if it again I sought,
'Twould come back any day.

Alas, alas! how far, how far away
It sped; for, since, I've hunted day by day,
And searched and probed throughout my heated
brain,
Bewailing the lost treasure gone astray,
But it came not again!

And now, my dear, as we talk here to-day,
I find my golden thought—that willful stray—
Has sped, *just like my love*, from me to you;
And thus both thought and love, like children play,
One thought, one love for two.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I thought I had a reason, *then*, to spurn
The love that, in his bosom, I saw burn
 And glow, for me, so constant, true and strong;
 I feared that he might seek to do me wrong:
I thought he had another *bond*, and place,
(He thought so, too, till he 'd beheld my face) —

Then came to me this mandate from God's hand:
"Behold! there is one *mate* for every man,
 And, let them find each other where they may,
 It is the hour of Fate—the destined day;
O'er lands and seas and storms, Fate rides above,
And conquers every foe. His wand is Love;
 All ties and bonds, all locks and beams and bars
 Are *sophistries*, and fade like noon-day stars."

He tried to make me understand it *then*;
His love was not like that of other men.
I heeded not when I was young and fair,
I flitted Love away like ambient air.

When I had known, for sure, his love was mine,
I had no right to scorn it, nor decline;
 It was the voice of Fate, Love's sinecure,
 It was *my gift* from God—'twas sweet and pure!
And if I found him loosed, by law, or *bound*,
He was my own to *take*, wherever found;
 For, bound by puny man, we may be free—
 Man's laws are made for *mere conveniency*.

(*Over.*)

THE MAID'S LAMENT.—*Cont.*

He tried to make me understand it *then*;
His love was not like that of other men.
I heeded not when I was young and fair,
I flitted Love away like ambient air!

At that time I had seen but twenty years,
I'm forty now, 'mid solitude and tears;
 He's gone from earth, nor waits more on my
 whim,
 But waits me *There*, where I shall go to him!
More dear is he to me than all earth's ties,
He beckons me from far beyond the skies;
 And whether 'mong the saints or cherubim,
 I shall not be wrong, *There*, in loving him!

For God, when He made man, He predestined
That he should love one woman of his kind;
 He fashioned her so she would fit his hand,
 And gave her *bliss* through loving *but that Man!*

He tried to make me understand it *then*;
His love was not like that of other men.
I heeded not when I was young and fair,
I flitted Love away like ambient air!

THE OLD PLANTATION.

There's a pathos in the solemn contemplation
Of the old times, and old friends we used to know,
When we visit and review the old plantation
Where we passed our childhood days, long years
ago;

When we see the old farm wrapt in desolation,
With its buildings sinking into slow decay;
Fields abandoned to wild, useless vegetation,
(Fields so small now, but so large in childhood's
day,)

How the memories of sadness, and of pleasure,
Of our happy youth's extravagant extremes,
All come trooping back to strengthen manhood's
treasure,
And to sweeten the fruition of life's dreams!

As I ruminate, to-day, in perlustration
Of the mansion and such buildings as remain,
I'm exuberant with glad rejuvenation,
For I'm living o'er *Youth's sweet, new life* again!

Here's the cabin where we heard our hired-man tell us
How he used to be a bloody, wild outlaw,
How he killed an Indian chief, once, who got jealous
'Cause he took the chief's paposes and his squaw;

How he mowed, by hand, one day, some twenty acres
In the "Nation," where he owned townships of
lands;

How he used to be a gambler—beat the fakirs,
And once whipped a *badger* with his naked hands!

(*Over.*)

THE OLD PLANTATION.—*Cont.*

But the tenant's gone! the cabin's walls are swaying,
It is sinking fast, and soon will pass away,
Like old neighbors whom we loved, now dead, or
straying
From the dear old haunts of adolescence.

There's the orchard, but the last trees are decaying,
There are mounds where other large trees used to
grow,
And the hand of Time is but his work delaying—
All the other trees will, ere long, have to go.

As I walk among their mounds, to-day, and ponder—
(The necropolis of friends I used to know,)
I'm reminded that I, too, must soon go Yonder,
Where I'll meet and greet true friends of long
ago!

There's the spring, the crystal fountain, ever flowing,
With the clouds and landscape mirrored on its
face,
In that shady nook where evergreens are growing,
'Neath where branches of the tall trees interlace;

How salubrious this mollifying fountain!
How benignantly it satisfied our thirst!
As we came, toilworn, from valley, plain and mountain,
When the stifling summer heat had done its worst.

As this cooling fountain flows on toward the ocean,
And I stand here contemplating it to-day,
This one question comes to me, in my devotion:
"Will the Soul of Man, likewise, go on for aye?"

ECHO.

(Woman's Double Grouch.)

Echo, they say,
From some *outré*
Farce-comedy,
Some *recherché*
Narcissus' play
Of Love's delay,
Drooped, pined away,
And, gradually,
Became *blasé*.
Then she got gay
And gossipy,
Lost stamina ;
Till now, she *may*
Repeat, convey,
Give up, betray,
Most any day,
All secrets heard !st

So, Lost Love whet
That nymph's regret
Until she set
The plan that met,
O'erturned, upset
Fair woman's pet
And favorite
Law : Etiquette.
And it, you bet,
Makes woman fret,
Swear, starve, and sweat
Like Suffragette,
(Wield her hatchette,)
That she, *till yet*,
Is forced to let
The *echo* get
The *blamed* last word !

The End.

NOTES.

Note 1, Page 33.

Wash-hun-gah does not use our word for "soul" here, but in the sense of: "Kings of the earths and peoples; princes and judges of all the earths." His exact language was: "Yakni miko vñlehah michi okla putta momah, pehñichi vñlehah micha yakni nan vpeša aiyasha momah."

It will be noticed that he does not use the word "Shil-on-ñish" here in this connection; but, from the context of what follows, the author has found the best rendition, for the English reader, is the expression: "Immortal Soul," as used.

Note 2, Page 34.

The Chief uses the word "anulñillah" here, conveying the idea of counselor, or councilor, as well as companion.

Note 3, Page 34.

He uses the word "Chitokaka" here for the Godhead, and not "Chihowa."

Note 4, Page 35.

Inla ya na kvñiomichi tuk a omñichit ish i fvlvm-michashke.

Note 5, Page 48.

Chitñkaka yvt ñm auklvna ya ahattao, yvmvt kvñvñla hekeyo hoke.

Note 6, Page 48.

Is sa nukhakhshke, Chihowah ma; svñbvsha hoka; etc.

Note 7, Page 51.

Yvmohmi hatuk osh sv chukvsh vt na yokpah ma isht vm a hulittapa mvt yokpah fehnvshke.

Note 8, Page 51.

In 1849 a great many Frenchmen who failed to discover gold in California, in the great rush, stopped in the Kaw country, on their return, intermarried with the Indians, and lived among the tribe. It is believed that these French words found their way into the legend through this source, and are, therefore, of recent origin.

Note 9, Page 58.

Ai okchaya a minti vt chishno yak oka.

Note 10, Page 57.

Chi sunlosh vt nan ik achukmo ka micha chittivibi vt na haksichi ya ik a chumo ka.

Note 11, Page 60.

Afvmmñh tvñlepah spokni, etc.

Note 12, Page 60.

I tempel hutittapa ya Chihowa hut ahattvt.

Note 13, Page 62.

Mihma shutik a bichulla cha akkoa tak.

Note 14, Page 62.

Yohmih ma Chihowa hvt vba ya hlohvchi tok; micha Chaha i Shahli vt itih luak tubaksi yosh asha tok oke.

Note 15, Page 66.

Ahi micha hvshki aiena kvt sv kanchih kai.

Note 16, Page 68.

Yokmi hvt hvttak ik uhlpeso ya ilap ibbak nan isht ai ahatta tuk ak inli ho ishit yukachi hoke.

Note 17, Page 68.

Fvhamvt akrcchi likma, tana he keyuh mak ash saiyl nutaka akkakoha hoke.

Note 18, Page 67.

The blood: Issish hvtapa ya hohoyo yvsh libvssha vhleha ha ittalyara hoka: yvmmvt pahaya tuk a im vhaksh keya hoke.

Note 19, Page 68.

Vhpesah keyu nan vnoli vt wvkayvt hieli cha, nanah ithani lik keya ka a punaklo hoke.

Note 20, Page 68.

Chihowah itih ola kvt luah libbika chulhi hoke.

Note 21, Page 69.

A Chitakaka ma, Chitokaka ma nantak kvtioghi ho is su kanchib choh?

Note 22, Page 69.

Nanah achi kvt ikshoh vnnumpa hvt ikshoh; itih hvt ola na haklo ka ikshoh kvmmok mishke.

Note 23, Page 69.

Chihowa ai ittvchvffa yvt i nukshopa putta ka ibafolyukka hoke.

Note 24, Page 69.

Itih ha nan ai ahli hvt iksho hoka: chukvsh vt nan akpulo yoke; i nvlvpi vt ahullappi tiwa yoke; isunlvsh a hvlvsbichi hoke.

Note 25, Page 69.

Ilbvssh ya im vhaksi na billia he keya hoka.

Note 26, Page 70.

Aklah ittechowa ya ai is sv hlakaffchi hoke.

Note 27, Page 70.

Nan ilbvsshali hvttak a im is sv blakuffichi hoke.

Note 28, Page 69.

Micha vm a svanalit itih ha vvatvchit wvkommishke; hvlih, "yummakhvlih, pi nashkit vt psvshke," okla achishke.

Note 29, Page 71.

Chukvsh nan ai ahli ka ish emakmvt.

Note 30, Page 38.

Yohmia ma nukhubela kah o yokni vt winakachi cha wvnnihichih ma.

Note 31, Page 142.

Echo, according to classical mythology, was a nymph, daughter of Air and Earth, who, for love of Narcissus, pined away till nothing remained of her but voice.

The author's idea here is, that her regret and grief for the loss of her lover were so great that she lost all idea of propriety, and began to repeat everything she heard—established the phenomenon in Nature we call echo—and breached woman's law of etiquette; in fact, brought that curse on woman.

Finis.

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Notice

On December 25, 1915, we will give a ten dollar gold cash premium for the best letter about our new book, "AD-EM-NEL-LA, an Indian Love Story in Verse, and Other Poems," by Ethan Allen Hurst, received before that date. A second and third prize MAY be given, also.

Better send in your letter at once, it will be numbered and filed. The judges may think yours is the best, and give you the premium. Do not write to us for information. We may publish all the letters after the award.

Here is a letter from a little girl that will be in the contest:

"I am glad you wrote that book, its so easy to read. I can understand every line in the whole book. It is not hateful like some hard poetry.

"Gee that old Indian could remember well about how the world and all the stars and things was made, and how they courted when the world was fresh-made, like they do in school. I guess the angels was dressed awfull nice when they went up to Heaven on that Cloud to marry, and all Tangoed so nice. I wish I could write a story that way and dress all of 'em up funny and odd any old way I wanted too.

"Your mother was sure awfull strict on you. I guess thats the reason why children was so good in them days like my papa says he was. I don't believe they'll always be War like you said in one place. Mama says this'll be the last War in Uropa. She likes that piece that says tha'll be 4 powers in controle to rule the New Republick of the world. I think that girl in the auto was silly. My teacher says it isn't good forme to always be a-chompin gum.

"Do you suppose Leda really drowneded herself because she loved her sister so good? O, it was awfull findin her in the river that way. I wish I could have been with her that night when she Walked among the Flowers. I love her the best of all the caracters.

"That girl that stood on the sea with so many pretty jewels in her hair, "tall and beautiful as the skies" was grand, but I don't like her 'cause she's bad. My papa says "Andromeda,s Sacrifice" will be a classic. I don't know what that is but I know its something Grand. I wish my letter would not be too long to say some about all the peccs. I know something good about every pece in the whole book.

"Echo is a funny thing. One time I said naughty words to it to see if it would say them back. I did not know it was a girl all swiveld-up for lovin a boy! Love i. a awfull thing. I read all I see about it.

"If I get the prize for the best letter I know what I will do with the money. If you print all our letters send me one."

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